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Flower arrangement

Page 45



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says
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JOURNEY TO A STAR

WHEN Clover took down the portrait from the wall of her living-room, her cousin Gail eyed her judiciously.

"You'll either have to stay married to Brian or do your room over," she said, mockingly.

Clover gripped the gold frame to keep her hands from shaking, because she wanted to answer fiercely, "It's your fault! If it hadn't been for you—" But of course she couldn't say that, ever. She began, "It's easy enough to joke—"

"Isn't it?" Gail interrupted evenly. "I've done it for years."

Instantly Clover felt sorry for her, although she knew Gail and Leonard were getting on well together now.

Gail packed a Dresden figurine.

"Lots of war marriages were a mistake," she said smugly. "But Brian's father is so crazy about you. Won't he think you're heartless to leave Brian as soon as he gets home from the war?"

Perhaps Clover did seem heartless to be taking flight just when Brian was arriving home. But that was because none of them knew the truth. For a long time the future had been only a sword. Now it was here, and had to be reckoned with.

She turned to look at the painting of Brian's father. As always, she seemed to gain strength and repose from this simple study of a man at his desk. There was something endearing about the lean, weather-beaten face, the grey hair standing on end, the spectacles sliding down his nose.

Clover had adored the portrait from the first moment she saw it, and last summer she had coaxed Doctor Cox into giving it to her. She had spent her short vacation at his home in the mountains, where he was doing research in poliomyelitis and practising medicine over several mountain towns.

She knew she would miss the portrait more than anything else she possessed.

The phone rang just then, and she went into the tiny hall to answer it. "Yes, Gail's here," she said calmly. "I'll call her, Len." She beckoned Gail and laid down the phone. Her hands were steady. It seemed strange that Leonard's voice no longer stirred her at all. She wondered dispassionately how long it took to completely forget an old love, a lost love.

"Honestly, Leonard won't let me out of his sight now," Gail said with satisfaction as she returned. "He wants me to meet him for lunch, I'll come back afterwards and help you pack."

When Gail left, Clover turned the portrait to the wall. "So you can't watch me," she whispered soundlessly, "and reproach me for making a mess of your son's life."

As Clover continued to pack, she wondered bleakly how she could ever have become Brian's wife. What mad impulse had stamped her into marriage? Was it because she had been so young? It had happened more than two years ago when she was nineteen. Leonard, Gail's handsome husband, had been forever trying to flirt with her. Then one night at a party, when she and Leonard were carrying glasses into the kitchen, he caught her to him and kissed her.

A glass had smashed, the sound lost in the laughter and music from the living-room. And something else had smashed—the illusion of unreality. This was not someone else she was watching; this was herself, perilously in love with Gail's husband. A sense of horror overwhelmed her.

The next day Brian had come to say good-bye. He had arrived downstairs at the same moment that

Leonard waylaid her on the upstairs landing and again caught her to him and kissed her.

Clover fled downstairs to where Brian was waiting for her, tall and brown and hard and young, his face jubilant. He made no comment as she came in, but Aunt Erica said, "Why, child, you're as white as a ghost!"

"She's sorrowing because I'm going to war," boasted Brian, putting his fingers on her pulse with all the flourish of a medical student. "Her little heart is beating like an imprisoned bird. I'll take her into town and buy her a nice present to remember me by."

As they drove into town, Clover realised, surprised, that she would miss Brian. She would miss the outings, the dances, his shabby little car. All these gay, young things were gone, swept away by the war. Clover stared ahead, suddenly terrified at the thought of being left alone to fight something stronger than she was . . . something she didn't want to fight.

"Have you decided what kind of a present you'd like to have?" asked Brian.

"I'd like to have to stay here with you," she said desperately.

"No!" He pretended amazement, but his teasing face lost its smile for an instant.

The preposterous idea grew in her mind. She asked in a rush, actually feeling about marrying me?"

He threw back his head and laughed. "You women! I put the idea in your head and you're about to burst with curiosity." When she did not answer, he added lightly, "Or have you a secret passion for me, my pet?" The car slowed a little as he waited.

"No, not that," she said soberly. "You know I wouldn't ask this of anyone else in the world. Brian. But we've known each other so long, I thought you might not mind . . . Oh, Brian, I need help so badly!"

He started down at her blankly. "You—you mean it!" he exploded.

Her amazement at herself was growing. She said hurriedly, "I want to change my status. As a married woman I can move from Aunt Erica's into some place by myself. As things are, she thinks I'm too young."

He swore under his breath. "So you'd marry me for this?" He stopped the car. "Let's have it out," he ordered, "and I want to know the truth."

She said wearily, "I've got to get out of that house. You know how often Leonard is there. Well, he thinks he's in love with me, and I can't dodge him much longer without Gail noticing. She's like my sister. She and Aunt Erica gave me all the love and happiness I ever had. I couldn't hurt them." She was afraid to open her eyes because she knew that he had stiffened with anger.

"Leonard," he said harshly, "will be my first war casualty. I'll smash in his beautiful face."

"No, you won't!" she gasped. "That's just what I'm trying to avoid. Oh, I wish I hadn't said anything!"

"All right." He took her sharply by the wrist to make her look at him. "Naturally, I'll do what you want. If I didn't you'd probably be fool enough to ask a stranger. You're ripe to commit murder or matrimony. But do you really think changing your name is going to keep Leonard off?"

Automatically smiling at the onlookers, Clover and Brian came down the steps and into the sun.

Please turn to page 4



Ready for School?



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Journey to a Star

Continued from page 3

COLOR rushed over her face. "But hell think I'm in love with you!" said Clover.

"And up to now, he's thought you were in love with him," Brian said grimly. "I see. Well, are you?"

"I don't know," she whispered. "I hope not." She ventured to look at him. He was leaning back whistling soundlessly, his hands in his pockets. She did not notice the tense outline of his fists, straining against the cloth. She went on earnestly. "I won't be any trouble or expense, Brian. I have my war job. You're going away to-morrow and you needn't ever see me again. You'll get your freedom back the minute the war's over."

"All arranged and tied up with pink ribbons," said Brian mockingly. "All right. But there's a condition. You'll have to drive up with me to-morrow to tell Dad. I wouldn't marry Queen Bee without first introducing her to Dad."

From that moment on, Brian took matters out of Clover's hands. Dazedly, she packed a bag the next morning and dressed for the trip, scarcely aware of what she was doing. Knowing that Brian would like her dressed as a bride to give his father pleasure, she managed to borrow a long white wedding dress from a friend. Everything seemed unreal, and vague, unlike the wedding she had pictured.

It was not until they were well on their way that she came out of her dream.

As the car climbed into the mountains, the sunshine faded, along with Clover's courage. But Brian refused to listen to her when she pleaded that her plan was fantastic and that she wanted to go home at once. He only patted her hand cheerfully and told her that all brides had misgivings.

Towards noon they left the main highway and a few minutes later Clover was gazing at a house set picturesquely among trees.

Theo Brian was out of the car, shouting like a small boy as he dashed up the flagstone walk towards the lean, grey-haired man who was coming down the steps. Clover got out, smiling uncertainly as they came towards her.

Brian was saying, "Brace yourself, Dad! I've brought you a daughter."

The weather-beaten face changed slightly. "You're married?"

"Not yet! Not without you there. You've got to pass her first."

Clover watched the doctor's quick smile return. "That's all I need to know." He took her hand. "Welcome my dear." His shrewd, kindly eyes held hers. "I've wanted you in my life for a long time."

"But...you don't know me," stammered Clover. The doctor grinned delightedly. "Pulse rapid, but I'd say the heart's all right."

"But it isn't," she wanted to cry despairingly. "It isn't even here." She shrank from this warmth and friendliness. She ought to warn him, "Don't be kind to me," but instead she wanted to walk blindly into the circle of his love and stay there.

Clover married Brian that afternoon in a small stone church in the little town. Looking back, she tried to remember the details of her wedding, but it remained a confused blur in her mind.

When the ceremony began, she had turned toward Brian for reassurance, but his face was as still as if carved of brown wood. She quickly looked away.

The words of the service rolled over her head like waves about to break. She heard herself making automatic responses and Brian's voice saying beautiful words. Then

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Brian was kissing her dutifully, and finally they were coming out of the church, smiling automatically as well-wishers clustered about them.

Brian's father told them he would drive them down to catch the night train for town.

"Remember, you have to help me keep Dad's illusions," Brian murmured; then suddenly he was smiling mischievously.

"We'll celebrate my last night. I'd rather dance with you than anyone. We'll do the night spots and dance until dawn. Then I'll report for duty and you can trot dutifully home and mourn for me."

They went to the theatre first and then danced in several nightclubs. Just before dawn they found a taxi to take Clover back to her hotel.

"Been fun, hasn't it?" Brian asked drowsily as the taxi sped along.

"Marvelous," breathed Clover contentedly.

"Put your head on my shoulder for the last time," he said softly, drawing her into his arms. "Don't mind if I kiss you, do you?"

"Of course not," Clover said. His arms suddenly closed around her, and his mouth came down on hers.

Brian had kissed her before on gay meeting occasions. But this was different, and it was not fleeting. She heard him murmur, "You belong to me for a moment, don't you, darling?"

Then abruptly he drew away. He said slowly, "I wasn't thinking ... You don't even love me a little bit, do you?"

"No," she said gently. "Not any more than you love me, darling."

He sighed. "That's right. I keep forgetting . . ." His voice trailed off tiredly.

Clover sat on the floor by the packing case and looked round her. Her memories had been so vivid that she felt as if she had just awakened from a dream. Why had she arranged so impetuously to go away? Was it because she was afraid to see Brian?

Matters had been surprisingly simplified by her marriage. Leonard had preserved a furious silence for months afterward as if to punish her for falling in love with someone else. When he presently began phoning and calling in she found it easy to be out. Finally he had apparently forgotten her existence.

When Gall returned after lunch, Clover had almost finished packing, and the living-room had the bleak impersonality of a hotel.

"Hr-r-r!" said Gall. "What have you done to the place?" She glanced up surprised. "Why have you hung Dr. Cox back on the wall?" "A wire came from him after you left," Clover said worriedly. "He'll be in town this afternoon for consultation on a case, and he wants me to have dinner with him."

"And you'll break the bad news gently," commented Gall. She gazed reflectively at the portrait.

However, when Doctor Cox arrived to take Clover to dinner, Gall had already left.

As the doctor greeted Clover, she asked suspiciously, "What are you up to this time? It takes an earthquake to get you away from your mountain people."

"Very interesting and critical case," he said vaguely. His eyes warmed as they rested upon her. He relaxed thoroughly, puffing at his pipe. "I confess I miss you. After all, you're the only daughter I've got."

Clover brushed aside a warm feeling. She must steel herself against him. He went on. "But I did want a frank talk with you about Brian's future. I hope he'll go back to medical school, but I'll admit I'm uneasy about the boy. Has he mentioned his plans in his letters?"

"Not for a long time," Clover said, truthfully. She might have added: Because he doesn't write me any more. But she didn't.

She thought miserably, "Will you hate me when you find out?" More than anything, she longed to have Doctor Cox think well of her, to keep on loving her. Suddenly she wondered if all this talk about Brian's career was a blind. What had the doctor really come to see her about?

Please turn to page 10

The Lighter Side

My editor has told me to write about headaches. "You should know a lot about them," said he, "because you are one." Editors are like that.



Space does not permit nor experience qualify me to analyse in detail the eighty-nine types of headache associated with mornings-after. Students of the hangover and pink elephants may assure me, however, that the range is as staggering as the cause.



Next comes the income tax headache, the pain of which is beyond assessment. The main preliminary symptom is a biting sensation in the ear.

I will skip headaches caused by ear-bashers, pulpit pounders, soap operas, and the fortissimo-crooners, and pass on to the lack of lumen headache, caused by addiction to the lesser lights. Principal sufferers from this particular type are light-pickers, i.e., meter-misers who are short-sighted mentally as they become physically. It is rarely found among the Mazda-minded.



Round at Australian General Electric they tell me that people who try to read or sew under less than 100 watts of good lighting may be sticking their chins out. 100 watts seems to be the accepted minimum for any room in which close "seeing" has to be done.

The psychological effect of working under inadequate light, say the Mazda people, is that perceptions become dulled. In other words, people who insist upon adequate illumination become like Mazda lamps themselves, i.e., they "stay brighter longer."

Adios!

Lennie Lumens

Advertisement of Australian General Electric Proprietary, Ltd.
Distributors for The British Thomson - Houston Co., Ltd., England.

The Australian Women's Weekly — January 25, 1947

PAUSING on the threshold Darcy Trobridge peered warily into the front room. At sight of the two women by the fire his dissipated face sharpened.

Never before had he seen even his aman's imperious spine attain such a degree of rigidity. Although her eyes were on the morning paper, she gave the impression of intent listening. His sister Olive worked her knitting needles furiously.

Darcy took it all in. Then, assuming his habitual indolence, he strolled in and asked, "What's eating you two?"

His aunt turned slowly, her grey eyes sharp with disapproval.

"If you had favored us with your presence any time yesterday, Darcy, you would know that your uncle has had another attack."

"Why, the old boy can't be so very sick. I heard him come down a little while ago."

Without reply, Miss Frisbe withdrew behind her paper, and Darcy turned inquiringly to his sister. But just then the door across the hall burst open and George Frisbe, with his friend Haslett at his heels, hurried out of the study.

Olive and Miss Frisbe jumped up, speaking simultaneously. "Good morning, Uncle George." "Are you feeling better, George?"

"I'm all right again, and I'm hungry," Frisbe answered shortly, without interrupting his rapid trot down the hall.

The others crowded after him, but he was still in the lead when he reached the dining-room. Hurrying to the table he took a capsule from the medicine bottle at his place, tossed the pill into his throat and swallowed it without water.

"Bella, we're ready for lunch," he called.

As soon as they were served Frisbe began to spoon up hot soup greedily. The others started in slowly, sipping in an uneasy expectant silence.

A ray of sunshine slanting along the richly set table fell across the two narrow Frisbe heads, highlighting the similarity of the lean cheeks, long eyes and jutting chins. The niece and nephew, too, bore the



"Drink this quickly," Haslett said urgently, forcing the jug against Frisbe's lips.

THE ONE WHO DIDN'T

trademark of the family in their narrow, arrogant features.

But the fingering sunbeam revealed no trace of Frisbe in the occupant of the fifth chair. Eric Haslett seemed completely foreign in this tall house.

Yet he, too, was constrained. Leaving his soup untouched he sat with his head bent to one side in an attitude of intent absorption.

Frisbe, oblivious of the nervous atmosphere, presently leaned back at the gloomy Frisbe residence.

"Well, Eric, tell us about your trip," he said. "Have any fun . . . or was it all business?"

For a moment Haslett seemed not to have heard. Then his face tightened and he was on his feet, rushing to the kitchen, shouting for mustard, for hot water.

Before they could grasp the situation he was back with a jug, thrusting it against Frisbe's lips, forcing the yellow liquid into his throat. "Drink this quickly," he said urgently. "You've been poisoned."

The old man spluttered, his eyes alarmed. When he began to guip the emetic, Haslett turned to Olive. "Get your thiosulphate. Run!"

After several swallows Frisbe pulled back, his face working. Sweat broke out, and he doubled over in a paroxysm of nausea. Haslett supported him, trying to guide him towards the bathroom, but midway to the door Frisbe collapsed.

Olive, rushing in from the hall with a bottle, stared down at her uncle in dismay. "Do you want this?"

"Is he . . . ?"

Miss Frisbe, who had been shouting unheard in the confusion, turned furiously on Haslett. "What's the meaning of all this? What have

you done to my brother?" Then, "Darcy, call Doctor Jerome!"

But Haslett, kneeling beside his friend, raised a twisted face. "No doctor can help him now. You've killed him!" he said.

The police car passed the parked sedan and stopped in a scurry of gravel. The plainclothes man at the wheel jumped out, but Inspector Kiefer sat on for a moment, looking at the gloomy Frisbe residence.

Although heavy clouds were closing in on the wintry afternoon, it seemed to him that the tall grey house before him distilled its own shadows. The Inspector viewed it with distaste, but he descended from the car without comment.

The front door opened as the two men approached, and a round little man said, "Inspector Kiefer? I'm Dr. Jerome. The medical examiner is here, in the dining-room with the body."

When they entered the dining-room they found the medical examiner was closing his bag. "I suppose you'll want an autopsy," he said to Kiefer. "But I can tell you now it was cyanide. He got it in one of those capsules." He nodded towards a medicine bottle standing on the table. "The doctor tested one of the pills before notifying us—"

"Perhaps I overstepped there," Jerome broke in nervously. "But I thought the family was just hysterical. I couldn't believe it! They were making accusations, and Haslett had tried to give him sodium thiosulphate—that's the antidote for cyanide, you know. So I thought I'd better look into it. As soon as I found the capsules were poisoned I phoned you."

"No harm done." The medical examiner picked up his overcoat and turned to Kiefer. "Frisbe took a pill before lunch. Since the others ate the same food, the doctor thinks, if he was poisoned, it must have been by the medicine. He took the bottle down to the medical school lab. They analysed one of the other capsules and found potassium cyanide."

"What were the pills for?" Kiefer asked.

"They were digestive capsules—my prescription," Jerome said. "And he'd already taken half of them, one before each meal."

"Then he'd had a pill from this bottle at breakfast?" Kiefer asked.

"No, he'd been sick. He hadn't eaten since yesterday morning," Jerome said. "And during that 24

hours the pills must have been poisoned. But how on earth could Haslett have guessed . . ."

"We'll go into that presently," the inspector broke in.

When the medical examiner left, he said, "I'd like to go over the situation with you, doctor, before I talk to the family."

"Yes, yes, of course. We can talk in here," Jerome said, using an old-fashioned key to open a door at the left of the hall.

"This is George's study. Miss Frisbe asked me to hold the key for you," he explained, and leaving the key in the lock he led the way into a room reminiscent of a museum antechamber.

Kiefer turned on a lamp for cheer.

"Now, doctor," he said as he settled himself, "let's have the whole story."

"But I can't make head or tail of it," Jerome said, with a puzzled frown. "Frisbe was dead when I arrived. It looks like murder. But why kill a dead man? Frisbe was doomed in any case. An inoperable case."

Kiefer set himself to patient questioning. From the scramble of miscellaneous facts elicited he gradually pieced together the relevant bits.

The picture was now reasonably clear.

George Frisbe was an incurable. He knew it, but he had not been in much pain, and had opiates for his occasional attacks. He'd even been planning a trip south for some deep-sea fishing, wanting to make the most of the time he had left.

As for the poison, there was a stock of that in the house. The niece, Olive Trobridge, made a hobby of handicraft jewellery.

She used the cyanide in her work and in accordance with standard practice she kept the antidote, thiosulphate, on hand, too, in case of accident.

"But," the doctor exclaimed, "the most extraordinary thing was Haslett's giving him the emetic before he showed any sign of poisoning. And if he knew the cyanide was in the capsule, why did he let him swallow it in the first place?"

"That would seem to be the crux of the whole thing," Kiefer said.

"Haslett hasn't explained anything," Jerome said. "He won't say a word. Not a word! He's kept himself shut up in his room ever since."

"Now if he'd poisoned that pill himself," Kiefer began slowly, "and wanted to clear himself of suspicion, couldn't he have given the emetic,

Into the grey house with its threatening tension came murder

and even the thio, in the certainty that nothing could save Frisbe by then? Once a man swallows cyanide he's a goner, unless he gets the antidote lightning quick."

"But not in this case," Jerome said. "The poison was in a capsule that dissolves slowly in the process of digestion. It ordinarily would have come up intact with the mustard water." He shrugged.

"However, Frisbe hadn't eaten for 24 hours, his stomach was full of gastric juice, and as he had an acid condition anyway, the capsule dissolved with extraordinary rapidity. But it was a fluke. In 99 cases out of 100 the measures Haslett took would have worked."

The doctor's statement carried conviction. Finding himself on purely medical grounds he had recovered his professional assurance.

"Moreover," he said, "I'd warned Miss Frisbe the end might come unexpectedly. I wouldn't have questioned the death if Haslett hadn't given the emetic. And Haslett's no fool. You can take it he made a valiant attempt to save Frisbe."

"What is Haslett's connection with the family?" Kiefer asked.

"Haslett was Frisbe's friend. A recent but a very close friend. The doctor's eyes gleamed, then professional discipline quenched the wayward impulses of the ineradicable old gossip, and he concluded stiffly, "He's been living here for some months."

He glanced at his watch. "I must go, Inspector. Shall I introduce Miss Frisbe now? She is suffering greatly, but she has her distress well under control."

When he brought the bereaved sister into the study, the set of her jaw suggested that being well in control was a habit Miss Frisbe had acquired early in life.

During Jerome's introduction she coolly appraised Kiefer's face, and as soon as the doctor departed she took the reins firmly in hand, announcing didactically, "Eric Haslett murdered my brother, Inspector Kiefer."

Impressively she waved away his questions. "No, I didn't see him tamper with the pills." "Nobody actually saw him take the cyanide from Olive's room." "Inspector, will you kindly refrain from interrupting and let me tell you what happened?"

It was not the first time Kiefer had been wrongly assessed at face value. With equanimity he let Miss Frisbe go at her own pace.

"Seven months ago," she said, "my brother met this man, Eric Haslett, and took an extraordinary fancy to him, although he was not the sort of person he had ever cared to associate with before." Her voice was chill with distaste. "Haslett instigated himself, took over as business manager at a handsome salary, and moved into this house. He established such a hold that my brother even put him in his will."

"Blackmail?" Kiefer suggested.

"Certainly not. Mr. Frisbe led an exemplary life. But he was ill, and had become, for some reason, dependent on this man's company. He was utterly debrided." She pressed her lips tightly together.

"I told Mr. Frisbe the man was obviously loose-living and predatory. But for the first time in his life he disregarded my advice. So I took things in my own hands. I employed a detective agency. And on Monday, two days ago, I received their first report."

With a first show of emotion she leaned toward the inspector, her eyes relishing her disclosure. "Eric Haslett was away on the pretext of business—but actually for a spree. Liquor! Women! Diet! He had always been a gambler. He'd been in gaol!" She leaned back with a triumphant smile. "I turned over the documents to my brother that night."

"And what was his reaction to that?"

Please turn to page 23

Page 5

"SUMMER GOLD"

PAINTED FOR THE PEEK FREAN COLLECTION BY FRANK ANDREWS



The day of the sickle and scythe has long passed away for the gatherers of wheat. Nowadays the steel combs snatch the precious grains at their very place of birth as they lie cuddled, cheek by cheek, on their upright parent stalks. But in the farmyard days of my boyhood, when we followed the waggon from stook to stook across the stubble, the straw of the bound sheaves was still lightly-tinged with green and the ears still attached, were drawing their last nourishment from the severed stems. The older farm hands, wiser in more ways than one, riding aloft, would lay the bound sheaves as we tossed them from below. And as we worked, the prongs of our forks, polished to a glitter, would sink like shining swords into the vanquished straw; and as we moved up and down the laneways the pile on the waggon grew so high that the



voices of those working at the laying of the sheaves seemed to come to us remotely out of the sky. And then—just when our tossing had grown slower and slower because of that tremendous height, we would hear the blessed cry hail us from above: "Stop throwing! All up!" And we would stand there for a relaxed moment like young and weary warriors leaning on our spears after battle. And we would look back over a field that had suddenly become emptier and vaster and our heads would be crowned with the golden dust that all day had fallen upon us from the tassels of the wheat—crowned with the gold of man's noblest labour—the gathering of life-giving grain.

LEON GELLERT . . . author, wit, and gifted poet, and well-known editor of "The Home." His verse, grave and gay, is to be found in many an anthology, and his publications include: "Songs of a Campaign"; "The Isle of San"; and "Desperate Measures".

Leon Gellert.



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FLOWERS FROM A STRANGER

L ORNA BAYLOR, attractive wife of young DR. TIM BAYLOR, is seized with a strange obsession that her husband's eminent colleague, psychiatrist DR. PAUL NESTRI, intends to murder her.

She longs to overcome the feeling, not even telling Tim about it. But when an escaped mental patient breaks into the house and attacks MARGARET, the housekeeper, she is certain that Nestri sent the patient there to kill her.

That same night Lorna has a strange experience with funeral white carnations which appear, then disappear, and finally she tells Tim her story, omitting only the incident of the carnations. To her dismay, he laughs at her.

Now read on...

ICY tightness seemed to close about Lorna's heart. Coming on top of all she had already been through, she felt Tim's disbelief as a final desertion—a betrayal.

"Tim, you must believe me!" she cried. "You know I don't lie to you!"

"Oh, I know that, darling," he was contrite. "I know that you believe every word of it. But you can't expect me to swallow this woman's instinct stuff without protest. After all, I know how the mind plays tricks."

It was no mental trick that got that window open to-night, that crept upstairs and tried to kill Margaret."

Tim went back to the armchair.

"I know that was real. But you're wrong about one thing . . . there is nothing unusual about mentally deranged people showing super-human strength when they are determined to do something."

"Tim," Lorna said quietly, "supposing Margaret had been sleeping in her own room and I had been alone upstairs. That woman could have killed me. She was not as large as Margaret, but she was taller than I. She could easily have killed me. You would never have known what I'm telling you now . . . that it was deliberately planned by someone . . . that it was murder!"

Tim sipped his brandy without answering.

Lorna sat back, suddenly defeated. How well she had known him! She had anticipated every reaction, from the first disbelief to this shadow of annoyance that tightened his mouth and kept his eyes away from her.

"It doesn't make sense," he said at last.

"I know," she said dully.

You're quite certain that you never met Dr. Nestri before he came here?"

"I have no reason to lie to you, Tim. I'm trying to convince you that he intends to murder me. If I had the slightest inkling of his motive I'd tell you, to strengthen my argument. If I'd ever done anything to provoke anyone's wrath . . . or if I had some art treasure that my father had left me . . . that Nestri might want . . ."

Tim shook his head. "Nestri didn't know the difference between those two reproductions of paintings in my office . . . the Rembrandt and the Corot. He's no connoisseur! No, Lorna, you're wasting your time with that idea. But I want to call your attention to something really important . . . the reason you haven't told me any of this before."

Lorna looked at him curiously. She had always dreaded Tim's analysing her. He was so observant, so clever . . . and the truth he brought out was always disappointing.

"The reason, Lorna," he said, "was that you did not entirely believe it yourself."

Lorna knew that he was studying her intently, that his statement had been made to test her reaction. She frowned. The reason is, Tim, that

Father taught me to tell the secret of my soul to no man! The reason is that I didn't trust you to understand. And I was right!

Yet, in spite of her anger, she knew that he was partly right. She had believed it with some indefinable sense of knowing, but every time she had brought it up to the light of her own reasoning she had not quite believed it.

It was a mistake, then, to bring it to the light of reasoning. That deep sense of knowing was not to be confounded by logic. In itself, it was simple truth.

"It was a mistake to have told you, Tim," she said suddenly. "I was frightened because I felt that this business to-night was intended for me . . . and I thought you ought to know. I didn't realize how ridiculous it would sound when it was put into words."

"Don't talk like that, darling," Tim said. "I might be able to help you solve this."

"How?" she demanded distrustfully.

"Well, first, it is not at all impossible for you to have received a death thought from Dr. Nestri. He's mentioned many times that you resemble his wife . . . and his wife is dead. He associates you with death. That, I believe, is the thought you received from him that night at the Camerons."

"Then he must have murdered her Tim?"

They stared at each other for a moment without compromise. Lorna knew that Tim was angry, that he found her unreasonable.

"That's not impossible. He may have."

"Then it would not be impossible for him to murder me, too. Would it, Tim?"

"No, not impossible," he agreed, stiffly. "But very unlikely! So far you've offered no logical reason why Dr. Nestri should want to murder you. I can't very well go to the hospital board or to the police on the strength of what you've told me. Their answer would be that my wife was suffering from a queer sort of obsession."

"Is that what you think, Tim? That I'm amusing myself with an odd little fantasy?"

"Lorna, you have been accustomed to much more excitement than life here has to offer. I would not blame you if you found this a dull existence. And, unfortunately, such an idea as yours is not uncommon among women who are bored with life. They manufacture their own intrigue; men are constantly following them; other women are trying to steal their husbands; someone is planning to murder them . . ."

Lorna caught her breath in a soft gasp of pain. She got up from her chair and turned away from him towards the window.

The eastern sky was cold with the fragile light of dawn. She stood there, intensely aware of Tim's anger and her own desolation. She had known him so well!

She was sure her life was in danger, and it was difficult to accept the fact that when the had sought Tim's help he refused to believe her.

It was a staggering blow to their relationship. She was alone. And all the years of building love and confidence and companionship were a foolish blindness ruined now.

He got up from his chair and came to her, putting his hands gently on her shoulders.

"I didn't mean to sound quite so brutal, Lorna," he apologised.

"It's all right," she said distantly. After a moment of silence Tim added, "Lorna, dear, how would you like to go and stay with Mother for a while? Get a good rest and a change of scenery. Don't you think it might help?"

"Yes. Yes, I think that's a good idea."

"Good girl! Sometimes when you get away from these things they take on a new light. And then, when you come back . . ."

"I'm not coming back, Tim!"



"Were you afraid for me to marry your son?" Lorna murmured, turning away.

"Lorna . . ."

She turned her head and he saw that her eyes were filled with tears of fright. He was shocked at her expression. She looked like a woman half mad with lonely terror.

"Yes, I'll go to your mother," she cried. "She'll help me! I know it! Someone must help me . . . someone must believe me!"

THE next morning Tim came downstairs before anyone else. He went into the kitchen and began to look through the cupboards for the teapot. Margaret, on the other side of her locked door, called out: "Who's there?"

"It's Dr. Baylor, Margaret," Tim answered. "I'm sorry if I awakened you."

Margaret came out of her room, tying the cord of her dressing-gown wrathfully.

"I haven't slept a wink all night," she said.

She took the teapot out of Tim's hands, looking at him sharply.

"And neither have you," she added. She set the kettle on the stove and brought the cups from the cupboard.

"Doctors!" She shook her head over her work. "They're dying for sleep when they've no time for it, and when they get a bit of time they can't sleep."

"That's about right, Margaret."

By DOROTHEE CAROUSO

He drank his tea slowly, lit a cigarette, and flicked the match across the grass.

Could he help Lorna in any case? He knew, with a cold sense of failure, that he could not.

No doctor was competent where his emotions were involved. His impatience with her last night had proved that. And his emotions were involved in two ways here—his love for Lorna and his treasured post as Dr. Nestri's assistant. No, he was not competent to help Lorna. It must be someone else.

Yet, even as he ticked off names in his mind, he knew there was not a man on the staff to whom he would dare take Lorna with her absurd story that Dr. Nestri intended to murder her.

It was not possible to keep a story like that quiet. In a week it would be all over the hospital, and the inevitable conclusion would be that Dr. Baylor's own wife had gone out of her mind.

Tim knew that Lorna was not insane. He knew that she was a sensitive woman to whom impressions were vivid, sometimes disconnected, yet often more honest than the shallow truth.

It was quite possible that she might have received that death thought from Paul Nestri, but the only logical explanation of it was the one he had made to her last night; that seeing her resemblance to his wife, Nestri saw her as dead. But the idea that Nestri was going to murder Lorna was absurd.

No one committed a murder without some reason or other, and Nestri had no motive for murdering Lorna. Neither of them had ever laid eyes on the other before, except at one time in Paris when Nestri had heard her play at a students' recital.

Odd, Nestri remembering that. Yet it was not too unusual. A number of people prided themselves on being able to pick out amateur talent. It was quite a natural thing for Nestri to have done.

But Tim was not convinced.

Nestri, he thought, was a . . . a queer customer. He was a moody worker, at times dynamic and inspiring, at other times depressed and silent.

He had a peculiar affinity for the insane, a projection of thought mechanism which was nothing short of genius. Tim remembered thinking once that Nestri had worked with insane people for so many years that they were more real to him than sane people.

One small thing . . . Nestri's complete lack of a sense of humor. He was nearly always pleasant, well spoken, and yet working closely with the man, Tim had noticed that he had no real sense of humor.

Another thing . . . Tim believed he was the only one of the doctors who had noticed it . . . a peculiar spell of wooden paralysis to which Nestri seemed to be subject.

The first time Tim had noticed it was during a discussion among the doctors of a local divorce case. The divorce grounds were mental cruelty, a subject of obvious interest to a group of psychiatrists. But in the middle of the discussion Tim had been startled by the expression on Paul Nestri's face.

The faint natural color had left his face, his eyes were unseeing, his nostrils pinched as though breathing were an effort. He was without response or comment, and his whole body seemed frozen with paralysis.

Tim had thought at the time that divorce must be subject distasteful to him, perhaps by reason of religion or upbringing.

Yet there had been other times, after that, when Tim had noticed the same peculiar reaction in Nestri. He tried now to recall them.

Once was during the discussion of a train smash which had taken place the night before, a few miles away. It had been a tragic affair, and Tim had not been surprised that it had upset Dr. Nestri. Now he remembered that it had been days before Nestri had been able to settle down to work again.

Please turn to page 28

Page 7



A.N.A. inaugurates TRANS-PACIFIC AIR SERVICE

Australian National Airways proudly announce the first regular Trans-Pacific commercial air service between Australia and North America. This important air service now operates on a fortnightly schedule and NO PRIORITIES ARE REQUIRED. • • The air journey takes four full days but flying time is only forty-two hours. You have more than two full days to enjoy such famous tourist resorts as Fiji and Hawaii . . . a whole day to absorb the tropical

beauties surrounding Suva . . . and a day-and-a-half of gaiety and pleasure at Honolulu — playground of the Pacific. • • Passages are now available and your nearest A.N.A. Booking Office will be glad to supply you with further details of the service.

AUSTRALIA ADVANCES BY AIR

WING YOUR WAY WITH



MAKE IT SNAPPY

Down in Mexico the grave
young ambassador found
life gay but complex.

THE representative of "Lens," America's most famous picture magazine, walked into the lobby of the luxurious Hotel Pizarro, in Mexico City. Even in a land teeming with sightseers, all a little snap-happy, she was an oddity.

For Miss Mary Jane Fraser habitually appeared hung with enough assorted photographic equipment to make any Mexican porter put down his baskets and respectfully remove his hat.

She was usually accompanied by a fat, bald, and dissatisfied-looking man named Hank Kramer, who never carried anything except a number of lottery tickets. Once in a while he would make a few notes on the back of the tickets, but he refused to touch a camera.

Humane people protested at a slight woman bearing the load. Hank would point out that he was a writer for "Lens." Writers didn't carry anything but their hearts, which were ever as heavy as lead.

Interested observers—and there were plenty in the Pizarro lobby—thought that Mary Jane should have been looking at the birds instead of holding it, as she was much more photogenic than the majority of her subjects, and far lovelier to look upon than any of them.

But Mary Jane had several defects. She was very busy shooting the country in color, which was the reason she had come to Mexico. She was tired at night, and the altitude made her sleepy. She had a habit of calling all males "Ivan" after her Moscow trip, which was disconcerting to all males.

However, when Mary Jane came into the lobby this particular morning such loungers as had grown accustomed to her equipment stared. She didn't have a camera on her. Her pockets were not bulged by filter cases.

What the loungers didn't know was that she had covered the market at Tolosa the previous day, and was now due for a week-end rest.

Hank was waiting. He had a telegram in his hand.

"I got a telegram," Hank said. "From the office."

"Oh," Mary Jane peered over his shoulder. "How was that last batch of stuff I sent in?"

"They don't say. A character by the name of Manchester Smallwood is coming in this morning. They want us to cover his arrival."

"What's he coming for—to fight, I mean?"

"He's not coming to fight anybody," Hank explained. "This is good-neighbor stuff with our sister republic. Manchester Smallwood would appear to be quite a big shot from Washington. He's coming to put over a big, delicate deal."

"Never heard of him," Mary Jane said. "Shall we go to breakfast before I faint?"

"They say in New York it's important," Hank said. "If it was me, I would photograph the guy and hear his pitiful little story. He is due very shortly. Go, señorita, and procure your little black box."

Mary Jane glared at him, then disappeared briefly, returning with a couple of cameras, a leather bag slung over one shoulder, and a grim expression. They went outside and got into a taxi which deposited them at the airport just as the plane was due in.

Mary Jane followed Hank glumly, as they were ushered through the gate and out on the field.

The plane landed and taxied up. Mary Jane unlimbered a camera, and wished they'd brought the plane into a position where she would get a decent cross-light. Hank steered her up to the foot of the portable



By...
ROBERT CARSON

"You're so strong,"
Mary Jane mur-
mured admiringly, putting
her arm over his shoulder.

metal staircase wheeled beneath the door.

The passengers started coming out—everything from a Navy officer who almost fell down taking a second look at Mary Jane to a woman with a baby small enough to have been born during the flight.

The last passenger was a tall, lean young man in a grey suit. His hat sat straight on his head, and his clean-lined, aristocratic face was at once honest, sincere, severe, full of good-will to men, and utterly remote.

Part of Mary Jane's profession was making instant surveys of faces. Here was a kisser, she decided, that had character. He looked a little like a film star playing Abraham Lincoln. Undoubtedly Smallwood.

"Mr. Smallwood?" Hank asked.
"Manchester?" Mary Jane asked.
The young man paused. "That is correct, sir."

"I know you any place," Hank said. "We're from a picture magazine, 'Lens.' We—"

"I understand perfectly, and I don't want my picture taken."

"Are you kidding?" Mary Jane said. "Everybody wants his picture taken."

"There is always the exception that proves the rule, madam," Manchester said. "I'm that exception."

He grew abruptly larger in the finder. She lowered the camera and found him looking down at her. Hank hastily joined the group.

"Will you be kind enough to put your camera away?" Manchester said. "I do not wish any pictures taken."

"I don't think you understand," Hank said. "We're from a picture magazine, 'Lens.' We—"

"I understand perfectly, and I don't want my picture taken."

"Are you kidding?" Mary Jane said. "Everybody wants his picture taken."

"Follow me, madam," Hank said. "This requires a little diplomacy."

They trailed their quarry to the airport building. He sat down to await the arrival of his luggage from the plane. They took chairs not far from him. After a moment he removed a book from his overcoat pocket and began reading.

"Look, Ivan," she said. "I mean, Smallwood. I've changed my mind. Go back in the plane and come out

for me. Bend low as you do, so I'll have a little light breaking over you. And let's see your teeth."

He grew abruptly larger in the finder. She lowered the camera and found him looking down at her. Hank hastily joined the group.

"Will you be kind enough to put your camera away?" Manchester said. "I do not wish any pictures taken."

"I don't think you understand," Hank said. "We're from a picture magazine, 'Lens.' We—"

"I understand perfectly, and I don't want my picture taken."

"Are you kidding?" Mary Jane said. "Everybody wants his picture taken."

"There is always the exception that proves the rule, madam," Manchester said. "I'm that exception."

He walked off, taking long steps. Mary Jane and Hank regarded each other with raised eyebrows.

"Did you hear what he called me?" she said. "'Madam.' They can't do that to Mame."

"Follow me, madam," Hank said. "This requires a little diplomacy."

They trailed their quarry to the airport building. He sat down to await the arrival of his luggage from the plane. They took chairs not far from him. After a moment he removed a book from his overcoat pocket and began reading.

"They followed Manchester and a porter to a cab. Manchester spoke to the cabby in Spanish, and the

man flinched slightly. Mary Jane stepped up.

"I hear you're going to the Pizarro," she said. "That's our hotel. Mind if we share the ride?"

Manchester hesitated. "Not at all, ma—"

"Mary Jane Fraser," Mary Jane said. "You've already met my father here."

Mary Jane wedged herself in the seat between the two men. They rode the first mile in deep silence. Hank started squirming, at last producing a pad of lottery tickets. He borrowed a pencil from Manchester.

"Manchester," he said, "let me have your views on the deal you're holding down here. Make them colorful."

"I am in Mexico entirely unofficially," Manchester snapped. "The purpose of my trip is rest and relaxation. I do not desire to have anything printed about me."

"I hear you're going to meet with a lot of high government officials."

"You have been misinformed."

"Smallwood, we better be frank with each other. This is getting us nowhere."

"I'll be frank with you, Mr. Kramer," Manchester said. "My affairs are definitely not your concern. I won't answer any of your questions. I suggest you stop bothering me."

He left them in some haste at the hotel, as soon as he had paid his share of the cab. Mary Jane surveyed his retreating figure grimly.

Please turn to page 33

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"Well, it's a roof over our heads until we find something better."

Journey to a Star

Continued from page 4

BREAKING into Clover's silence the doctor asked: "Has Brian written you when he expects to be here?"

She took a long breath and said, "I didn't know he was due until you phoned me. I only pretended I had heard. Brian has stopped writing me."

The doctor looked amazed. He said hurriedly, "I wouldn't worry too much. I don't think he's quite recovered from that time he was wounded and patched up." His voice was gruff. "A pity there's been so much separation in your marriage when he loves you so."

She did not move, although her heart beat faster. "You're mistaken. He never loved me. Brian married me as a—a favor." Oh, how cheap and dreadful it sounded now.

"But those urgent letters he wrote asking me to take care of you. Why should he worry about Leonard if he doesn't love you?"

"You knew about Leonard?" It was scarcely a question. Of course he had known.

He looked back at her gravely. "I haven't diagnosed people for forty years my child, for nothing. Yes I guessed pretty much about . . . everything."

"But why have you trusted me all this time?" she burst out.

"I always trust the people I love," he said simply.

Tears stung her eyes and she looked away. He asked, "How did it happen? I've puzzled over it for two years."

"I was young and a fool," Clover said unsteadily. "I liked the excitement of having Leonard in love with me!" Her voice stopped dead. "Then it got beyond me, like a fire. And Brian saved me—from Leonard and myself."

"Come here," said Doctor Cox. He pulled her down on the couch beside him, into the circle of his arm.

"It was foolishness, I'll admit," he said sternly, "but after all, you had no mother . . ." Somehow, the old-fashioned phrasing did not sound stilted or ridiculous, coming from him. He added, still sternly, "But you've got a father now, such as he is, and we're going to straighten this thing out."

He pressed her head down on his shoulder in an abrupt gesture so like Brian's that she melted suddenly into silent, terrible tears such as she had not shed since she was a small and lonely child.

After a while Doctor Cox said conversationally, "I need taking care of. Why don't you come up and keep house for me? Give up the job for a while. You need rest and mountain air."

She smiled shakily. "I'd rather go there than anywhere in the world," she said, "but I couldn't."

"Brian won't be there. When he gets his discharge, he'll be away studying, and he'll stay away until you say the word."

"You haven't understood at all."

Her voice was even. "I'm giving Brian his freedom at once. That was our bargain. It's what he wants."

The doctor puffed calmly at his pipe. "Remember the day Brian brought you to see me that first time?" he asked casually. "Remember when I said, 'I've wanted you in the family for a long time?' You thought I was just being sentimental because I'd never seen you before. But I knew you well through Brian, through hours of listening when he talked of you. From his prep. school days, you were his girl."

She was staring at him in a stupefied silence. "Oh, no," she moaned, hiding her face.

"He'd scalp me," muttered the doctor, "if he knew I told you."

She was whispering, "What have I done to you, Brian?" She was overwhelmed by her own unwilling cruelty. Hot tears that would not fall stung her eyes. She jolted up dazedly, but Dr. Cox was glancing at his watch.

"Jehoshaphat! I've got to phone the hospital," he exclaimed, hurrying into the hall. She could hear him dialling.

Clover remained motionless in a corner of the sofa, her mind churning with this new knowledge. How incredibly blind and stupid she had been! She had always been the taker, and Brian the giver. How could he love anyone so selfish? Perhaps he no longer did . . .

She heard Dr. Cox returning and said desolately, "I've got to go away. I'm afraid to stay. We don't know how Brian feels about anything now."

"Then why don't you ask him?" said a voice that wasn't the doctor's.

Clover's hands gripped the sofa. She turned her head slowly. Brian stood in the doorway.

"May I come in?" he asked.

"I got very tired of sitting on the top step in the hall."

She made a helpless gesture. Brian. I'm sorry about everything. Don't hate me."

"I don't," said Brian. "In fact, I used to love you—and a little thing like a war couldn't change a confirmed habit like that, could it?"

"Don't be sweet to me," she cried fiercely. "You ought to beat me."

"Maybe I will." He came over and took her hand. "And stop fussing at me!" he ordered. Clover gave a choked laugh. He hadn't changed at all.

His eyes went rapidly over her face, and rested on her cloudy hair. "It still—floats, doesn't it?" he murmured, touching it lightly. Then he said, "You haven't answered . . . about my loving you. You don't mind?"

"Not if you let me—get used to the idea."

"Take all the time you want," he said gently. "We've got the rest of our lives."

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The Australian Women's Weekly — January 25, 1947

MIDSUMMER SUGGESTIONS

● This can be a frock with camisole bodice of spotted material to match the little puffed sleeves, or can be a white linen coat cut low to reveal the top of a spotted frock — or beach ensemble.



● Evening frock in washable blue linen with a jacket trimmed with heavy white embroidery. Thread as coarse as string covers wooden beads which dangle as bunches of grapes; the leaves are embroidered in the same thread.

● Green linen bands trim this white linen frock with square neck. Starched and fresh, it would help one to combat the lethargy of midsummer days.



● Try plaiting your own raffia hat, weaving your own raffia beach shoes on rope soles. Make a bag, too, which will repay all this work by holding all your knick-knacks and make-up.

● Sleeveless yellow pullover, white shirt, striped, fairly narrow trousers, allied with careless kerchief complete this casual but smart effect.

Rene

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● PERUVIAN charms are printed in black on a pink rayon jacket, worn over a pink rayon high-necked frock. Belt is made of the jacket material.



● TINY gold buttons and brown leather belt are the only trimmings on this white linen New York sports frock with shirnmaker top.



● CHINESE MOTIF is printed in navy on white linen for a suit that is right for town or sports wear. Glass buttons fasten the slim jacket, which has high, wide revers.



● HUNTING SCENE print in cerise and green in another New York frock. The cerise faille belt is wider at the back than at the front and a slanting pocket is set below the waist.

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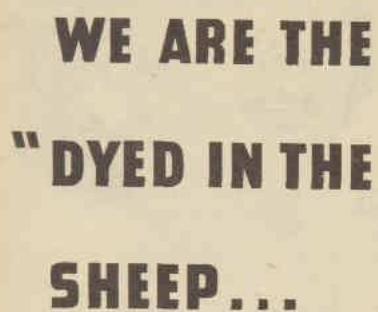


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Of course, the wool for Feltex really cannot be dyed right on the sheep's back. But these colourful sheep do serve to illustrate the important fact that Feltex floor covering is made entirely from Australian wool . . . and Australian wool is renowned for its quality the world over. Manufactured in plain shades and in patterned and marbled designs, Feltex is the one floor covering ideal for every room in the home.

As the demand for Feltex is so great, it is regretted that intending purchasers may have to wait for delivery of orders placed with their furniture store.

Feltex

Patent No. 102301/37

MADE IN AUSTRALIA BY FELT AND TEXTILES OF AUSTRALIA LTD.



"OOOOOO dear (excuse the yawn), but I'm just so sleepy. Aw, well, now for another busy day in a cat's life."

CATS



"THANK GOODNESS, they're out of the way. Now perhaps Pop can snatch a bit of sleep, too."



"WE'RE WIDE AWAKE. You won't catch us napping—not when there's a pier and fish around."

"GROWING KITTENS need a lot of sleep, so I think I'll join Ma and turn in for a midday siesta."

The Australian Women's Weekly — January 25, 1947



Entrancing—

when you make the most of yourself

Take that intriguing line of your chin . . . the sparkle of your eyes . . . the shining smoothness of your hair . . . and add a new entrancing quality to your appearance with Pond's Dreamflower Face Powder. It's for you to make the most of yourself.

Pond's Dreamflower Face Powder is so thrillingly gossamer-fine in texture, it smooths on more flatteringly—more evenly, more clinging-

ingly! And Dreamflower shades are so expertly blended, they bring a sweeter, more exciting colour to your skin. So ask for your box of Pond's Dreamflower Face Powder to-day.

Pond's Dreamflower Face Powder in four complexion-toning shades: Rachel, Suntan, Rose Brunette and Natural. Small size, 1/8, large size (almost double quantity), 2/10 — at all chemists, chain and departmental stores.



*Make-up trick to
make you
lovelier*



Shadow under your eyes? You can help to camouflage them by gently smoothing on your favorite powder foundation—then apply your rouge very lightly right up to the eyelids before you powder.

POND'S DREAMFLOWER FACE POWDER

Use with Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams.



*"The 'school' can't cop the lot
'neath a PHILIPS 100-watt."*

Intending operators of double-header "swy" schools will be well advised not to provide the all-revealing illumination which PHILIPS lighting brings about. Others, however, will find that

Philips 100-watt lamp is the most satisfactory minimum for all lawful occasions upon which close "seeing" has to be done. You'll see better, sew better, work better and feel better.

PHILIPS FILAMENT &

FLUORESCENT LAMPS

Page 15

Summer Questions

WHAT TO MAKE ??

JELLIED MEATS
WITH SALADS
ADD TASTY
VARIETY TO
SUMMER MEALS



Introduce the family to these pretty gelatine dishes, which serve good food in its most attractive form. Davis Gelatine enables you to spend your food money carefully, thoughtfully, for it is first aid to food economy.

A simple decoration adds distinction to every meat dish. You do it this way. Place a little—only a very little—of the well-flavoured liquid containing gelatine in the bottom of the mould to cover it. When it is thickening arrange your garnish, a few slices of hard-boiled egg, some strips of gherkin or whatever you have that is suitable. Add a little more liquid to hold these in position. When firm enough fill the mould with the ingredients of the recipe and the balance of the gelatine mixture.

RECIPE BOOK FREE

If you would like a copy of the famous recipe book, "Davis Dainty Dishes," send your name and address and 2d. stamp for postage. One of our special folders, "Meals for Little Folks" or "Invalids and Convalescents" or recipes for the diabetic diet may interest you, too—mention it when writing us.

Department W, DAVIS GELATINE

Sydney: G.P.O. Box 3583
Brisbane: G.P.O. Box 755K
Melbourne: G.P.O. Box 4058
Adelaide: G.P.O. Box 712F
Perth: G.P.O. Box 588.

CHICKEN SHAPE

6-8 Servings

3 level teaspoons Davis Gelatine, hot water, 1 chicken, thyme, parsley, salt, pepper, 1 cup minced ham, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 2 tablespoons cooked peas.

Cut chicken into meat joints; put in double saucepan over boiling water and add herbs, sprinkling of salt, pepper and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water. Cook until tender. Remove bones, cut meat into thin slices, arrange with bacon in a round mould or basin. Remove fat from stock, measure and add cold water, if necessary, to make up to $\frac{1}{2}$ pint. Dissolve gelatine in 3 tablespoons hot water, add to stock. Strain into the mould. Garnish with shredded lettuce and hard-boiled eggs. Serve with salads.

RABBIT MOULD

6-7 Servings

3 level teaspoons Davis Gelatine, hot water, 1 rabbit, 1 pint cold water, 1 onion, 1 lb. bacon, 2 cloves, pinch of nutmeg, pepper, salt. Place prepared rabbit in saucépan with cold water, sliced onion, bacon, cloves, salt, pepper, nutmeg

RABBIT MOULD—Continued

and any herbs available. Cook gently until tender. Remove bones, cut meat into thin slices, arrange with bacon in a round mould or basin. Remove fat from stock, measure and add cold water, if necessary, to make up to $\frac{1}{2}$ pint. Dissolve gelatine in 3 tablespoons hot water, add to stock. Strain into the mould. Garnish with shredded lettuce and hard-boiled eggs. Serve with salads.

TOMATO BRAWN

6 Servings

3 level teaspoons Davis Gelatine, 3 tablespoons hot water, 1 small onion, 1 lb. tomatoes, 2 tablespoons cold water, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 level teaspoon salt, 1 level teaspoon nutmeg, 2 cloves, 1 lb. lean ham (or other meat), 2 hardboiled eggs.

Prepare onion and tomatoes, slice finely and place in saucépan with water, sugar, salt, nutmeg and cloves. Simmer until the mixture is quite soft. Rub through a fine sieve. Dissolve gelatine in hot water, add to tomato. Chop ham into small pieces and arrange with sliced eggs in a mould. Pour in the tomato liquid. Serve on lettuce with salads.

DAVIS
SPARKLING
GRANULATED

Royal Family prepares for South African tour



ROYALTY at home. A recent study of the King and Queen with Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose.

Princesses have been learning to speak Afrikaans

Radioed by ANNE MATHESON of our London staff

H.M.S. Vanguard lies ready at Portsmouth for the departure next week of the Royal Family. Buckingham Palace is in a last-minute bustle of preparation, as the most elaborate wardrobe ever to leave Britain is packed.

Last-minute alterations and fittings take up every spare moment of the Queen and her daughters, and affairs of State keep the King busy working in his study long after most of his subjects have closed their offices.

In the Vanguard finishing touches are being given to the Royal accommodation, which is situated on the shelter deck, above the upper deck, and was converted from the quarters of the Admiral and his staff.

Entirely self-contained, the Royal suite has its own galley and telephone switchboard. The Queen herself chose the soft furnishings. The color scheme, in blue with touches of soft pinky beige, is in delightfully feminine contrast to the rest of the battleship's austere, streamlined furniture and fittings.

The suite has 11 rooms and a large pantry. The King's dining-cabin, where the Royal Family will take most of their meals, is across the lobby from the King's day-cabin and sleeping-cabin, which connect with the Queen's sleeping-cabin and sitting-room.

Across the corridor are the Princesses' cabins, with Victorian dressing-tables finished with dainty frills to match the curtains at the portholes.

The beds, upholstered in brocade, with matching bedroom chairs, are the last word in unostentatious luxury. Throughout the suite, fitting carpets have been laid. Walls are soundproof, and air-conditioning will ensure cool nights when crossing the Equator.

As a compliment to the ship's company of 1800 officers and men, who have worked tirelessly to turn the newest battleship into a floating palace, the Queen and the two Princesses will wear many of the lovely dresses for their South African tour while aboard the Vanguard.

They will not wear slacks or shorts for sports wear.

The Princesses have some beautifully tailored linen and heavy shan-

tung dresses for deck tennis and other shipboard games, and the Queen has several impeccable heavy crepe dresses and casual topcoats.

For afternoon wear both the Princesses have a series of dainty flowered summer frocks specially designed to look right against navy or white tropical uniforms.

Hartnell is making all the Queen's clothes and some of the Princesses' tailored suits.

Molyneux is making some of the Princesses' clothes, and South Australian Miss Avis Ford, who has made all the Princesses' clothes since they were in the schoolroom, is doing the bulk of the Princesses' wardrobes.

Another South Australian, George Gray, now of Bond Street, has worked for nine months designing special material. His search for new and beautiful fabrics took him to France and Switzerland and to every maker of textiles in Britain.

Even a fortnight before the date set for departure, Mr. Gray was producing sumptuous lame for an evening dress for Princess Elizabeth.

As South Africans planned more and more receptions so the wardrobes increased with new and lovely models for these occasions.

I've been lucky enough to have the first peep at the Royal frocks (by signing the severest undertaking not to divulge any descriptions till the Queen gives her consent), and they are without doubt the most beautiful clothes I've ever seen.

Though the Royal Family has been given a special allowance of coupons by the British Board of Trade, the Queen has not allowed herself or the Princesses to be extravagant.

By carefully selecting new colors and designs so that they built up each wardrobe from the basic frocks for the tour, some perfectly enchant-



LESSONS in Afrikaans have been given the Princesses by Mr. A. P. van der Post, Senior Trade Commissioner in London for the Union of South Africa, seen here with his daughter Mignonne.

ing ensembles and effects have been achieved.

All members of the Royal Family, as well as their attendants and staff, have been vaccinated and given other injections before they leave.

A new personal medical attendant has been appointed to the King, and his last-minute preparations included a month at a London clinic doing a refresher course on the health history of the King, Queen, and the Princesses.

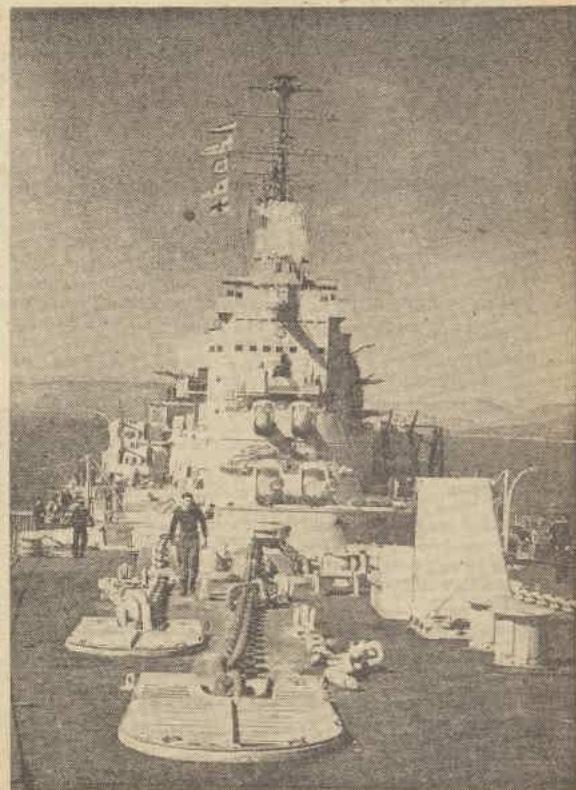
The tour will be most strenuous, and it will be his responsibility not only to care for his Royal patients should they take ill but to ensure that everything possible is done to see that they do not suffer from fatigue and over-exertion or heat in Africa's hot climate.

Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret are contributing to the general excitement by chatting in Afrikaans.

For some weeks now they have been taking lessons from the South African Trade Commissioner, Mr. A. P. van der Post.

Lessons were given once a week at the Palace and the Princesses have made excellent progress — so good in fact that I'm told they not only speak Afrikaans to each other at every opportunity but enjoy "showing off" to the King and Queen.

The King and Queen have been



H.M.S. VANGUARD, in which the Royal Family will travel to South Africa. Princess Elizabeth launched the ship on the Clyde two years ago.

too busy to join the classes and have only familiarised themselves with a few phrases so that they can hold brief conversations with people they meet in the Union who are more at home in Afrikaans than in English.

Speaking Afrikaans, it is felt, will have a special significance with oldsters in South Africa, who remember with bitterness the Boer War, and will do much to soften hard memories.

Belowstairs at Buckingham Palace all is hustle and bustle under the direction of the King's sergeant footman, who will be in charge of the Royal servants throughout the trip.

He first went down to the Vanguard to advise on all sorts of little personal comforts to which the King and Queen are accustomed. Though the Royal Navy, with its usual all-round efficiency, listened to all the suggestions and carried them out to the letter, nevertheless the sergeant footman and members of the advance party have been backwards and forwards from the Palace to Portsmouth ensuring that everything was shipshape according to Palace standards.

Stock of wines

THE King will be host to the

Navy on several occasions on both outward and return journeys.

Some of the choicest wines from the Royal cellars have gone on board, and pheasants from the Royal estates are being stacked in the refrigerators, and cakes and sweets from the kitchens at Buckingham Palace are filling the pantry in the Royal suite.

Every member of the party is familiarising himself or herself with programmes and timetables.

In Their Majesties' sitting-room at the Palace there is a map that is scarcely ever folded, as visitors have the tour traced for them by the King.

The Princesses are deep in books and pictures of South Africa.

When they found that goods were uncoupled and the shops reputed to be filled with lovely things to buy, both immediately started long shopping lists, not for themselves, but for their friends.

Princess Margaret hopes to bring back several pounds of birdseed for

her budgerigars. It is unobtainable in England, and the Princess has had a difficult time feeding her love-birds.

The Princesses have been busy finding out what their friends would like for presents. Nylons, I am told, are high up on the shopping list.

The Royal visit has brought such a lot of trade to Britain that not only are the workrooms and factories working at top pressure to get the Royal Family off, but to fulfil the hundreds of orders that are pouring in from South Africa.

When carpet weavers in Donegal, aircraft workers in Surrey, motor coach builders in London, railway carriage workers in Birmingham, who had been working on the carpets, planes, Royal cars, and Royal train, shipped their goods to the Union, they started on export orders for South Africa.

Aircraft workers have finished the four great twin-engined Viking passenger aircraft for the Royal party to use in South Africa, and have committed them to the care of Air-Commodore E. H. ("Mouse") Fielden, Captain of the King's Flight and personal pilot to His Majesty.

On the Royal train nothing elaborate has been attempted, and the quiet tastes of Their Majesties have been kept in mind.

Nevertheless, it is streamlined in efficiency, equipped with its own automatic telephone exchange, enabling the Royal Family and entourage to communicate with each other in any part of the train.

The train is also fitted with broadcasting and receiving equipment and facilities for broadcasting announcements over 60 loud-speakers.

Five luxurious Daimler motor cars have been shipped, and two other similar cars are following for the Administrators of the Transvaal and Natal, and five smaller ones for the use of the Royal entourage.

These cars, like the frocks of the Royal ladies, represent an aspect of British industry which few other countries can surpass.

All seats on planes are filled up till after the Royal tour, and two extra Skymasters have been put on the service.

Ships are booked out months in advance and there's a waiting list of 50,000.

Editorial

JANUARY 25, 1947

AUSTRALIA DAY

ONE hundred and fifty-nine years separate us from that first Australia Day, January 26, 1788, when Governor Phillip sailed into Sydney Cove to establish the first colony in Australia.

The holiday which commemorates his arrival has a deep and lasting significance.

The handful of adventurous souls who made up the First Fleet — some willingly, many through no choice of their own — must have needed all their courage as they looked across the harbor waters at the strange land awaiting them, in heat and silence.

They could only guess then at the enemies they must encounter before the colony was established — flood, drought, fire, disease, hostile natives, and shortages of essentials that could be had only from the homeland 12,000 miles or several months' sailing away.

That was their greatest enemy, their greatest danger — isolation. It is hard to realise that now.

Drought and fire still plague us, but isolation no longer exists. At times we could almost wish it back.

If the first pioneers needed courage in the face of isolation, their descendants need as much to endure enforced proximity with troubles all over this one world where time and space have shrunk to nothing.

We are no longer several months' sailing from our neighbours. Instead we are but a rocket's flash from the old world.

Our forefathers set us a fine example of courage and enterprise. May we do as well in our time as they in theirs.



Burlington Bertie . . . evergreen masher is back

By staff reporter AINSLIE BAKER

Thirty-three years ago a slender top-hatted figure, clad in an immaculate morning coat, first sang "Burlington Bertie from Bow," a catchy song delivered in the bored tones of the London masher.

To-day it is still whistled and sung all over the world, and the appearance of its ever-young singer, Ella Shields, invariably results in cries of "Bertie, give us Bertie."

"BURLINGTON Bertie from Bow" was written specially for Ella Shields by her husband, one of England's best-loved writers of popular songs, the late William Hargreaves.

Other song-hits he wrote are "P.C. 48" and, as companion-piece to "Burlington Bertie," "Silk Hat Tony."

It is twenty-five years since Ella Shields first toured Australia. She has been here four times since, and has begun at the Tivoli in Sydney a fifth nation-wide tour.

The close attention she has paid to male fashions for the past thirty-three years must surely make her a really notable authority on men's clothes.

When she is on stage, she is still the same lissom, debonair Burlington Bertie, immediately dressed the nob, the toff.

Few stage personalities walk on to a stage quite like Ella Shields; remove a handkerchief from a pocket with such exquisite perfection, or shoot a set of cuffs with the same dash and gallantry.

From the toes of her patent-leather evening shoes to the tip of her shiny top-hat, Ella Shields — Burlington Bertie — is the complete debonair man-about-town.

The wardrobe of "Bertie" has undergone many changes to keep it up to the mark of current male elegance during 33 years. Its newest addition is a tailored lightweight cream evening jacket.

"I really look awful nice in it," the ageless variety artist says.

"Bertie's" current evening suit was made by famous London tailor Morris Angel, of Shaftesbury Avenue, who makes for English stage and film star Jack Buchanan.

"Bertie's" ties and waistcoats came from Hawes and Curtis, who used to supply the Duke of Windsor.

As well as a dinner-suit and a pair of tails, Ella Shields' trunks hold three dozen collars and white ties and six beautiful, pre-war English evening shirts.

Because of the laundry problem she has brought as well twenty-three dozen paper collars.

"The pearl studs I wear with the tails are the same set I wore when I first sang 'Burlington Bertie,'" Ella says with a touch of sentiment.

A Pittsburg, U.S.A., department store once paid her \$500 dollars to demonstrate to men customers the best way to pack.

Off-stage Ella Shields looks a small, brittle piece of Dresden china.

Her hands are tiny and thin, tapering to long pointed nails. Her skin is very white and her hair

silver. She looks all silver except for a vivid red mouth and the greenish-blue rims of her glasses.

The poise of the head, the carriage of the shoulders, the slender alertness of body are still those of a young girl.

Miss Shields has nothing but good to say of Australians.

"Actually I think that you Australian women are apt to understand



ELLA SHIELDS, who has been appearing as Burlington Bertie for 33 years.

men better than we are," she said. "Over the years I have seen them in all company in all parts of the world. They always show up very well indeed wherever they are.

"And what I like about them particularly, what is unmistakable, is that they are such honest-to-goodness he-men."

Here are her nominations for best-dressed men:

• In America: The former U.S. Ambassador to the Court of St James, Mr. J. J. Kennedy. This grating, confided Miss Shields shocked, did not apply to Mr. Kennedy in England, for he made a fetish of never appearing in anything but a dinner jacket. "It was a great pity," she added, "for otherwise he was SUCH a well-groomed man."

• Film stars: David Niven.

Laurence Olivier — "All the natural dignity of a great man."

Robert Montgomery — "Both on and off the screen," she added, with the satisfaction of one good fellow approving the taste of another.

But sartorially there is only one man in Ella Shields' life. He is the Duke of Windsor.

ELLA SHIELDS' plan is to

make a home in Australia.

"But even when I retire," she said, "I know myself well enough to realise that I shall have to have some active interest."

"And I know exactly what I should like to do. That is, open a real English-style teashop."

I saw him twice in New York just recently.

He is still the best-dressed man I have ever seen. He will always be the Prince of Wales to me."

But even her devotion to the Duke of Windsor has never influenced Ella Shields to lower her standards of elegance sufficiently to allow "Bertie" a straw hat.

Ella Shields is as interested as any member of her own sex in women's clothes, too.

She helped in gathering the material for two books written by the top-flight American woman radio personality, Mary Martin MacBride.

"We had a simply wonderful time in Paris getting some of the data for 'Paris Is The Place For Women,'" she said.

"The Savoy and the Ritz provided a lot of the material for the other book, 'London Is The Place For Men.'

"Even though most wardrobes have grown a little shabby and shrunk during the years of rationing, Englishmen are still the best-dressed in the world."

"Once it used to be stimulating and exciting walking down Hollywood Boulevard. It isn't any more," Miss Shields says.

"Most of the men look like Tarzan, wild and ungroomed. The girls look as though they are dressed to go to a gymnasium."

Like many actresses of an older generation, Ella Shields is inclined to be prim in her conversation and viewpoint, maintaining the standards of the great variety artist whose brougham and spanking bay awaited her at the stage door.

"I am not really a stage person," the favorite of two generations explains. "There have always been two Ella Shields, the one of the theatre and the one who left the theatre completely behind her when she stepped out of the stage door.

"As a young girl I had a rather nice contralto voice, and really wanted to be a singer.

"Yes if I could have it all over again I would choose something quite different from either. Do you know what I would like to have been? A politician!"

Talking to silver-haired Ella Shields, you do get the impression that her mind was made for ranging farther than the footlights.

She is extremely interested in current international affairs, and reads during most of her leisure time.

On the little finger of her right hand Ella Shields wears two rings.

One is an enormous and beautiful star sapphire, the other her wedding ring.

When she is doing her male impersonation acts she slips them round so that all that can be seen is a narrow gold band. She never takes them off.

Interesting People



MISS MYRA BLANCH

. . . flying sister

REMEMBERING hardships suffered by pioneering parents because of lack of medical service, tall, dark-eyed Queenslander Myra Blanch says job as first flying sister, attached to Flying Doctor service, satisfies her lifelong ambition to help people in outback. Has headquarters at Flying Doctor base, Broken Hill, travels round isolated stations working in co-operation with Dr. J. Woods, with whom she is in contact by pedal radio. Says: "I do more welfare work than actual nursing."



MR. LIONEL MCCOLVIN

. . . books are his life

LIBRARIES in such varied countries as Persia, Iraq, Palestine, Egypt, New Zealand, Australia, and America are being inspected thoroughly by eminent English librarian Mr. Lionel McColvin during a six months' tour. He is in Australia at the invitation of the Commonwealth and State Governments to advise on modern library methods. Behind his keen, alert manner is 35 years' library experience. Has been City of Westminster librarian for past eight years.



MISS DAPHNE BLACKHALL

. . . leads hobby-sockers

TEEN-AGERS in Britain have their own television hour with the B.B.C. Their leader is pretty, grey-eyed, 16-year-old Daphne Blackhall, Britain's youngest television "comme." She dresses sensibly, has decided opinions. Says: "I take a poor view of younger teen-agers who drink and smoke. Eighteen is young enough for smoking and using cosmetics." Daphne is swotting for her matriculation exam, seems able to keep her hobby-socks brigade in order.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep



STARS of the new British film "While the Sun Shines," Ronald Howard and Barbara White. Ronald, in the R.N. for six years, plays a sailor in his first screen role.



AT PLAY with his dog, Peter. Like his father, Ronald is more keenly interested in a writing and producing future than in acting.

Ronald Howard—actor son of famous father



TYPICAL HOWARD GESTURE. Ronald poses his mother and aunt in front of the camera. Leslie Howard was lost in a plane which was shot down over the Atlantic in 1943.



DRESSING-ROOM. But the studio wants to keep Ronald on the screen, has lined up a Scotland Yard story as his next.



WEEK-END relaxation at "Caeburn," his home in Surrey. When he's not working Ronald likes to play golf, read, and just lounge about.

-for the Women of Australia!



A NEW APC GUARANTEED TO GIVE RESULTS!

"Blissful Relief" Says Miss M. Sergeant of Sydney -

333 Dawling Street, DARLINGHURST, SYDNEY

Dear Sirs—For years I have been suffering from nerve-rocking headaches and have not been able to find anything to give me complete relief. Seeing your advertisements for 'ZANS' APC and reading of the wonderful relief sufferers have had from 'Zans' I decided to try a packet. The first packet was a revelation for it gave me such quick and blissful relief that I have never taken anything else since. I think they are wonderful, and anyone who suffers as I have done should certainly try 'Zans' APC.

Yours faithfully, SGD. (MISS) M. SERGEANT.

Results! . . . QUICKER Results!

Modern times call for modern methods. People to-day demand quicker relief from pains and headaches. 'Zans' APC gives it to them! If you do not find that 'Zans' brings surer, quicker relief for your headaches and pains, your purchase money will be returned in full. All retailers have authority to act on this so that everyone can try 'Zans' without risk. 'Zans' will definitely give quicker results—that's not just a Promise it's a GUARANTEE!

Amazing accuracy in preparation is the main reason for the quick and positive results of 'ZANS'. If any of the three ingredients in APC is not in its correct quantity the effectiveness of the APC is impaired. Also, if the dose is not correctly measured it can mean a harmful overdose or a weak dose of little or no value—a waste of money and no result! ABSOLUTE ACCURACY is essential! That is where 'Zans' protects you. It has been proved that there is no more accurate method of preparing APC and of measuring each dose than by the special method used for processing 'Zans' APC tablets. This entirely eliminates the uncertain human element and with it the possibility—and risk—of overdose. It is proof against reduced strength—a useless weak dose. It means that 'Zans' APC at all times is APC of full hospital strength—a strength that never varies! It must give results—and QUICKLY!

£1000 Challenge!

There is no more accurately prepared APC in Australia than 'ZANS'.

APC cannot be fully effective unless it is accurately prepared. The manufacturers of 'Zans' APC claim that no APC in Australia is prepared with greater accuracy. They will donate £1,000 to any charitable institution if this can be disproved.

'ZANS' APC

'ZANS' is the
Easy-to-take APC



'ZANS' is made in tablet form because tablets (made the 'ZANS' way) are the surest way of avoiding incorrect dosage. Also the tablet form is the modern—most convenient—way of taking APC. It preferred 'ZANS' may be crushed and taken as a powder. Also it makes an excellent APC mixture—2 tablets mixed in a little water give a liquid APC identical with that used in leading hospitals.

Quicker-acting!

'ZANS' ingredients are the purest obtainable. Immediately you take 'ZANS' APC disintegration and rapid absorption by the body commence. Thus, combined with the extreme accuracy of preparation gives MAXIMUM SPEED and FULL EFFECT! 'ZANS' is the quickest way to stop pain and headaches. It begins to act at once. 'ZANS' fits down in its place, causes a feeling of well-being and confidence—and there are no harmful or unpleasant after-effects.

ZANS' APC is prepared to a formula that is in strict accordance with that laid down by the British Pharmaceutical Codex and used in public hospitals. Many big public hospitals, in fact specify 'ZANS' APC.

Quicker Relief for
**PAINS &
HEADACHE**

At right—The Highly Sensitive Analytical Balance which registers 1/10,000 part of a gramme. This is part of the precision equipment used in the manufacture of 'ZANS'. It is so sensitive it will even register the almost infinitesimal weight of ink used in writing a few words on a piece of paper.



3d & 1/- PKT

Nicholas Product

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As I Read the S.T.A.R.S. by JUNE MARSDEN

PLANETARY changes this week are helpful to well-balanced people, and Librans, Geminians, and most Aquarians should find the present period fortunate, interesting, and pleasant.

Less settled, more emotional types may find it promises an overdose of rashness, quarrels, and upsets, and Aquarians, Leonians, Scorpions, and Taurians in particular should guard against such things by living cautiously.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Be cautious on Jan. 21 and 22; 23 and 26 can also prove unpredictable. Use Jan. 27 (after 11 a.m.) and 28 (except early hours) for modest plans.

T AURIS (April 21 to May 22): Guard against over-confidence now, and avoid physical and legal battles this week, especially on Jan. 22, 23, 24, and 26. Be cautious, and stick to routine tasks.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Be enterprising now; work hard and start new projects. Best days Jan. 22 (except 10 a.m. to noon), 23 (except dusk), 24, 27 (after noon), and 28.

CANCER (June 22 to July 22): Guard against over-confidence now, and avoid romances or domestic upheavals. Jan. 21, 22, 23 (afternoon), and 24 poor. Rest of week tricky.

LEO (July 22 to August 24): Avoid arguments, unconvincing general instructions, and changes now, as upssets are possible. Jan. 22, 23, 24, 25, and 26 all very poor. Keep to routine tasks.



"Good heavens, no! These days we'll hardly even consider PEOPLE!"

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 22): Consider recent gains and wins, but do not be over-sentimental now. Jan. 21 good, 22 fair, 23, 26, and 27 (early) poor; 28 (late) and 29 pleasing.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Better times ahead, so plan wisely and work hard. Best opportunities on Jan. 22 (from 10 a.m.), 23, and 24 (except noon). Be cautious on Jan. 26, 27, and 28.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 21): Troubles are ahead for unwary Scorpions, so avoid general jaw accidents and rashness now. Jan. 21 (noon) fair; 22, 23, 24, 25, and 26 all risky.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22 to Dec. 21): Not a helpful week, so be cautious. Jan. 21 fair, 23, 26, and 27 (early) can bring problems. Jan. 21 (after 10 a.m.) and 28 safe.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Make good use of Jan. 21 and 22 (early), but 23 (late), 25, 26, 27 (late), and 28 require cautious handling.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Be enterprising now, and seek gains and promotions. Make good use of Jan. 21, 22 (except 10 a.m. to noon), 23, 24, 27, and 28. But guard against communal and domestic disputes.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Unpredictable days now, although Jan. 21, 22 (10 a.m.), 23 (except dusk), and 28 are very helpful. Jan. 25 and 26 very unpredictable.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. Jane Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Your Coupons

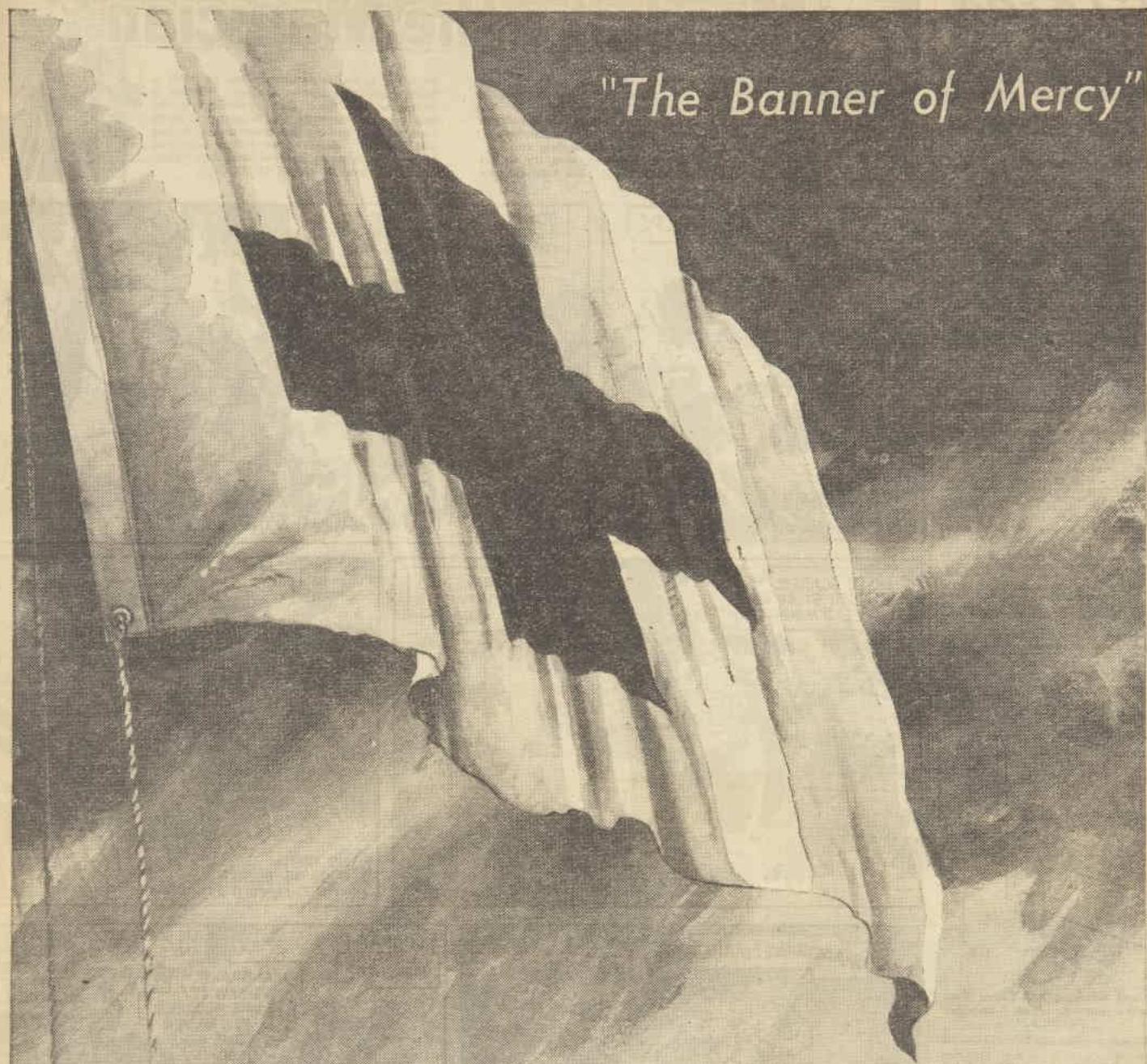
TEX: 1-8
SUGAR: 81-4
BUTTER: 4-6 (III Feb. 2)
MEAT: Black, 8-14 (III Feb. 2), green, 8-15 (III Feb. 2)
CLOTHING: 233-112 (expire June 30, 1947), 1-96 (current)



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are visiting
a ranch in New Mexico owned by
DONNA: A beautiful girl, whose life Mandrake
has twice saved. Her would-be murderers,
HARKER: A tough, clever cattleman, and
STEVE: His rascally offshider, also try to get
Mandrake out of the way. He outwits them

by using hypnotic gestures when he rides a
buckjumper and throws a steer. Harker is
trying to buy from Donna the ranch she
had inherited recently. It is supposed to be
haunted by a two-headed monster; but Donna
will not sell. However, an Indian boy, sent
for water to a spring, returns shrieking: "Two-
headed monster." NOW READ ON!





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RED CROSS

A U S T R A L I A N R E D C R O S S S O C I E T Y

M

ISS FRISBE answered quickly. "He phoned his lawyer to come the next day. Mr. Newcomb came—was that yesterday morning—and my niece overheard them talking in here. Everything previously left to Haslett was to go to Darcy in a new will. And," she leaned forward again, impressing the point with her dominating eyes. "Eric Haslett heard that conversation, too."

She glanced from Kiefer to the plainclothes man. Puckett, gratified with her effect. "My brother was to sign the new will this afternoon. Last night, after we retired, Haslett sat alone downstairs. There was a supply of cyanide in Olive's workroom, and the pills were on the sideboard. I leave the inevitable conclusion to you."

She rose majestically. "Mr. Newcomb is on his way here. He will confirm me. Meanwhile I shall send Olive to tell you her part of the story." She swept out the door in a satisfied exit.

In a few minutes the girl came in alone. Her youthful appeal aroused a response only in part paternal, and Puckett seated her with more than routine courtesy. Olive had the long face of her mother's family, but her narrow eyes were set at an alluring angle, and her coloring, very black and very white, was striking.

She had been crying. But an inner glow, which Kiefer recognised, shone through the surface layer of grief. It was the special radiance of a woman in love.

In answer to his questions she told her story, glancing from one to another of the men with a pretty deference. She had been in the parlor yesterday. Around noon Haslett arrived unexpectedly. When he came in a gust of wind blew through the hall, the study door swung ajar, and she heard the lawyer say, "Then all those mining shares now go to Darcy?"

Haslett had laughed—a funny laugh. Then her uncle and Mr. Newcomb came out of the study.

Olive showed no reluctance in discussing the episode, but Kiefer perceived she was uneasy, obviously afraid of further questioning.

Her uncle had been surprised to find Haslett back, she continued, but didn't listen to the explanation. His face was drawn with pain and he started up the stairs, telling her to bring his special medicine.

She took him his palliative pills and left him alone. Her aunt had glanced into the room occasionally, but since he wasn't allowed to eat for 24 hours after an attack, and as the opiate induced long sleep, he had been left undisturbed. He had come downstairs shortly before lunch and . . .

Olive was like one of those Chinese sets of a box within a box within a box, Kiefer thought. First there was the superficial shock over her uncle, then the deeper layer, the buoyant happiness of love reciprocated, and finally, at the core, this fear which had become increasingly apparent as she talked.

But nothing should concern her so deeply, penetrate the sheath of her love except . . .

Except threat to the love itself, Kiefer concluded in sudden illumination. And following this up with a blind try, he asked, "Why did your uncle object to this young man of yours?"

"Oh, but he didn't object to him," she protested in a flurry of emotion. "He liked Ned—Mr. Bryant. It was just that he didn't want me to marry on such short acquaintance. You see, she rushed on, thoroughly agitated now, "my mother married my father in 1917 on short acquaintance. It didn't turn out well. She divorced him just before she died. So uncle was against hasty marriages."

"And you were all for a short engagement?" Kiefer prodded.

For a fraction of a second she hesitated, then she glanced down at her trembling hands and murmured uncertainly, "I . . . I don't know."

But the defiant passion that had flared up in her eyes before she screened them with her black lashes had given Kiefer the true answer. "That's all for now," he said. "Will you tell your brother we're ready for him?"

"Darcy isn't here," she answered. "I think he went out for a drink." And with head high, and back as

Continuing . . . The One Who Didn't

from page 5

rigid as her Aunt Frisbe's, she walked from the room.

Puckett looked after her appreciatively.

"A hot little number," he said. "And it looks as though she didn't get on with the old man." He doodled a curvaceous figure beneath the shorthand in his notebook. "But this Haslett, now, had a motive that stands up and barks."

"I haven't forgotten Haslett," Kiefer said. "We'll have him in now—and tell Miss Frisbe I want to see that lawyer, Newcomb, as soon as he gets here."

When Puckett left, the inspector crossed to the desk standing at right angles to the fireplace. A pile of loose papers held down by a glass weight lay on the top beside a crumpled letter-fold. Kiefer picked up the weight, and the azure liquid rocked up miniature waves, rocking a little schooner that floated on the water.

His imagination tickled, the inspector dabbled with the toy, smiling as the tiny ship bobbed furiously, riding out the storm. He wondered how Frisbe had come by it. The thing was fantastically out of keeping with the sombre study, with the uncompromising atmosphere of the whole house.

Kiefer was still looking at the glass ball, musing when Puckett returned with Frisbe's unaccountable friend.

Eric Haslett's aquiline nose, bold sardonic glance, and swing of body came straight from some buccaneer forebear. He acknowledged his introduction to Kiefer with assurance, sat down comfortably, and waited imperturbably for the inspector's opening gambit.

"Mr. Haslett, why did you give an antidote to Frisbe before he showed any sign of poisoning?" Kiefer asked.

The buccaneer pulled a cigarette from his pocket and looked at it thoughtfully. "To explain just why I acted as I did. Inspector, I'll have to give you the background of this thing." He struck a match, and, holding it to his cigarette, asked over the flame, "Have you talked to Darcy Trobridge?"

On the inspector's negative, he said, "George didn't like his nephew, who is a weakling, a waster, and a drunkard. But he had him in his will for a quarter-million to protect the other heirs. Because that will would have been broken if he had cut out his blood nephew and left a fourth of the estate—to me, for instance." He threw a glance of impudent challenge at the inspector.

Kiefer, refusing to be drawn, waited in silence, and Haslett, still unperturbed, continued.

"George was leaving me his stock in a Bolivian silver mine, and was giving Darcy a block of industrial, though he didn't want him to get a penny. That was the situation when we began getting bad reports from the mine. Confidential information. The vein was expected to run out in a couple of years. However, it was still yielding a good return."

He drew on his cigarette, regarding Kiefer shrewdly. "Do you see the chance that was for George?"

"I think I follow you," Kiefer said slowly. "Frisbe knew he was going to die soon. If he left that stock to Darcy, the boy would be satisfied, live high on his dividends for a while, and then the mine would bust."

"That's it. George was contemplating some other changes, too. When he had them worked out he was going to make a new will. But in any event, I was to get the industrial and Darcy the mine. However," he shrugged his shoulders with bitterness, "someone intervened with cyanide, and now I'm the one left with the lemon."

"Yes, but what reason did Frisbe have for leaving a quarter-million to you?" Kiefer asked.

Wulf, Snuff & Tuff



FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM

and he'd drawn up the new will right off. He told me about it just before lunch to-day, and when we went into the dining-room it was in my mind that three people were going to lose heavily if he lived to sign that will."

His eyes, beneath piratical eyebrows, were not mocking now.

"I was subconsciously prepared, you see, and when we began to eat—I came to me like an electric shock—the awareness of something wrong, of menace. There was a tension, a dreadful expectancy in that room. I could sense the murderous intent I'm a man of action. I got that smug into George without stopping to think. Then I remembered all the cyanide in the house, and sent Olive for the thio on the off-chance.

The door opened quietly. Haslett glanced toward it, then said, "You may laugh at intuition, but if I had acted on mine an instant sooner, George would be alive now." Shouldering his way past the small man at the door he strode from the room.

Newcomb, coming in, looked after him with a quizzical smile. Kiefer knew this little lawyer well. Although he was a legal wimp of a man, there was nothing sullied about his mind. Without hesitation he discussed the two wills, confirming Haslett's statements. Frisbe, knowing the mine would soon be worthless, was switching bequests to Darcy's loss and Haslett's gain.

Newcomb was amused by Frisbe's scheme for outwitting his nephew, but when Kiefer asked how Olive Trobridge was affected by the new will, he answered with gravity: "Originally she was to receive the income from a fourth of the estate and get the capital on reaching 40. But Frisbe was adding a codicil. She lost the entire claim if she married a man to whom she had been engaged for less than a year."

Puckett let out a significant whistle, and Kiefer said, "She's rather an impetuous young lady, isn't she? And much in love . . ." He frowned. "And what were Miss Frisbe's prospects?"

"She received her fourth outright under the old will. But in this new unsigned document" — Newcomb tapped the papers he'd taken from his brief case — "she was given the use of the income only. On her death the capital went to specified charities."

"Then she wasn't appreciably affected by the new will?" Kiefer asked, surprised.

"On the contrary," the lawyer said, "it was a very cruel punishment. Miss Frisbe has a dominating personality. Her church and related groups make up her world, and if she had a quarter-million to leave as she wished, she could dictate everything, from the shape of the chandelier in the vestry to the menus served in the orphanage. But with the income alone her power would be exceedingly limited, and power is her breath of life."

"Why was her brother doing this to her?" Kiefer asked.

"It was a beautiful irony. George was always a very, very good boy. But sooner or later a man has to sow a few wild oats, and Haslett was Frisbe's belated, and vicious, oat. That friendship entertained and stimulated Frisbe. It was an escape from the monotony of his life—and from thought of imminent death." His tone became grim.

"Then Miss Frisbe dug up unsavory facts from Haslett's past and laid them before her brother on Monday night. Frisbe knew Haslett had lived by his wits, but he had seen it in a romantic light, and Miss Frisbe's sordid details took the gloss off."

"Yet straight afterwards he changed his will in Haslett's favor," Kiefer protested. "That doesn't make sense."

"Haslett must have been frantic, yet what could he do without giving himself away? He lost valuable time trying to think of a way out. Finally he decided to change it, to save Frisbe the trouble he could think up an explanation later."

"He gave the emetic, he sent in the specific antidote, he did everything possible. But the capsule broke, and Frisbe was killed by the one who didn't want him to die."

NEWCOMB ignored the interjection. "Eric's companionship was the only diversion left to Frisbe," he said slowly. "She'd taken the heart out of it, but he turned not against his friend but on his sister. She had broken his toy, and he wanted to hurt her exactly as she had hurt him."

"And he was poisoned before he could sign that will," the inspector mused. "If they knew what was in it, then we have three people in this house with motive, with means, with opportunity."

He was silent a few moments, then he asked, "Frisbe hadn't mentioned changing his will until he phoned you on Monday?"

"No," Newcomb answered. "We were out together on Sunday, and he had nothing on his mind. Then the next night he called me in a tearing hurry to make a new will." He stiffened as if stung. "By jove! That would indicate . . ."

But Kiefer, one jump ahead, was already on his feet, hurrying to the dead man's desk. Puckett and Newcomb peered over his shoulders as he leafed through the large letter-fold. He pulled out a sheet of correspondence, glanced through it rapidly.

He saw, first, the letterhead of a mining concern in Bolivia, then caught glimpses of typescript . . . "Regret to inform you . . . unexpected indications . . . ore-bearing streak running out . . ."

Kiefer dropped the letter on the desk and faced about with controlled excitement. "Three of the four people in this house had a motive for poisoning Frisbe. Yet he was killed by the one who didn't!" He broke off, whirling at the sound of a key turning in the lock.

Puckett hurled himself at the door, but Kiefer went to the window. As he struggled with the sash he saw a figure hurtle down the steps and leap into the police car. "Puckett, your gun!" he yelled.

He had the window up when Puckett reached his side, and, grabbing the pistol from his assistant, he fired at the car, now gathering speed down the drive. The bullet struck a rear tire and the automobile crashed into a giant oak.

A figure stumbled from the wreckage, and the inspector fired again.

"But why? Why did Haslett kill him?" Puckett asked.

"Look at that date," the Inspector answered, pointing to the letter he had extracted from Frisbe's file. It lay now on his desk at headquarters. He had made his arrest, turned over the wounded man to the authorities, and had yet to write his report.

Puckett was still staring at the letter, and Kiefer, relenting, laid down his pen. "That letter, air-mailed, couldn't have reached Frisbe before Monday. And on Monday Haslett was away."

Puckett's blankness remained unbroken, and the inspector said, "Haslett evidently discovered he was being tailed, and, guessing that Miss Frisbe was behind it, he came rushing home to offset, if he could, the effect her information would have on Frisbe. And on stepping into the house on Tuesday morning he heard Newcomb say the mining stock was to go to Darcy. At that time he didn't know the mine was worthless. He thought Miss Frisbe had turned her brother against him."

"But I thought . . . Oh, then that letter was the first bad report from the mine," Puckett said. "Haslett thought he was going to be cut out, and that night he fixed his death trap. Then the next morning, just before lunch, Frisbe tells him the mine is going bust, but he's drawn up a new will leaving him a quarter-million in good stock . . . What a situation!"

"And before Haslett could get to the pills, Frisbe, terribly hungry after his fast, rushed into the dining-room and swallowed a poisoned capsule," Kiefer said. "Haslett must have been frantic, yet what could he do without giving himself away? He lost valuable time trying to think of a way out. Finally he decided to change it, to save Frisbe the trouble he could think up an explanation later."

"He gave the emetic, he sent in the specific antidote, he did everything possible. But the capsule broke, and Frisbe was killed by the one who didn't want him to die."

(Copyright)



GARDEN-PARTY FROCK worn by wife of Czechoslovakian Consul-General, Mrs. Meneck Nemecek, who accompanies her husband to the garden party given at Government House by the Ministers of State to farewell the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester



TOP-HATS worn to garden party by Mr. Mervyn Finlay and Bishop Pilcher. Mr. Finlay brought his daughter Barbara to the party.



HOST, the Premier, Mr. McKell, and Mrs. McKell chat with Governor-General the Duke of Gloucester at garden party. Mr. McKell accompanied the Duchess when she mingled with the guests, and Mrs. McKell accompanied the Duke.

Sydney farewells Gloucesters

DUTY calls and necessitates the Duke of Gloucester flying home to England, leaving his little Duchess and sons with members of his staff to follow on by the more leisurely form of travel on the Rangitiki, which leaves Sydney on February 6.

After their strenuous round of farewells the Duke and Duchess spent their last few days together in Australia holidaying by the sea at Port Kembla.

TIRIED after Sydney's round of functions, the Duke and Duchess appreciated the way in which local residents at Port Kembla respected their privacy.

Shedding the official cares of Royalty, the couple motored, walked, and swam at the many coastal beaches, enjoying the sun and surf with their two young sons as do so many young Australians.

Sydney's round of functions is finale to two years' public life in Australia since the Duke assumed office of Governor-General during that time they had just one holiday, which was spent in Tasmania, and the few days of leisure at Port Kembla.

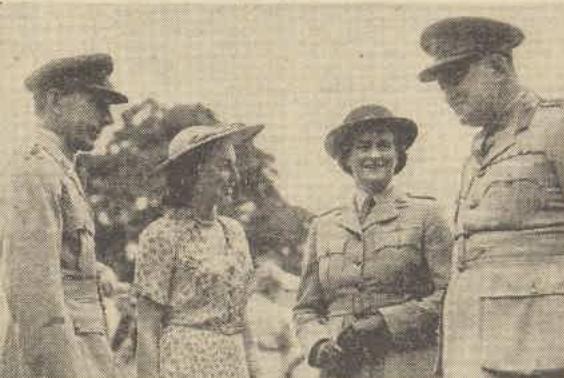
NO early morning swim before breakfast for the Duke and Duchess, but couple swim both mid-morning and afternoon . . . the Duke sunbaking after his surf, while the Duchess prefers to sit in the shade. Both enjoy our strong surf instead of still water, but Prince William and baby brother, Prince Richard, are not up to the breakers yet, so are content to splash in the pool.

Prince Richard builds a fine specimen of sand castle and Prince William's unbounded energy keeps his nurse well on the job with her watchful eye.

TWO single aces, Captain Sandy Ramsay and Captain Edward McGrigor, fly off with the Duke in his Avro York plane flown by his Australian "Flight" of seven members with Wing-Commander Russell Bell, D.F.C., in command.

CHAT with Sandy Ramsay at garden party at Government House, and he gloomily says how sorry he will be to leave our shores. "My last week-end in Australia," he sighs. He envies Comptroller of Household, Commander Alee Robertson, who remains behind in Canberra until ship sails. "He SAYS he has to finish the packing," says Sandy, as he dashes off to complete another official chore. Will be surprised if Sandy doesn't come back to visit us one of these days. He's made a host of friends and has been hospitably treated everywhere except on our racecourses. "Haven't had a win since I arrived," he says.

DEVOTED husband Major Michael Hawkins leaves his official duties with the Duchess as soon as possible and rushes up to his young bride, Virginia, who attends party with her granny, Lady Reading. Michael and Virginia will go by ship with the Duchess.



MILITARY GUESTS at garden party included Lieut.-Colonel A. Ryrie and his pretty wife, Mrs. Ryrie; Major Millicent Aspinall, A.W.A.S.; and Colonel H. M. Frensham.



LADY-IN-WAITING EILEEN PHIPPS with newly knighted official secretary to the Governor-General, Sir Leighton Bracegirdle. Miss Phipps chose a dress of beige lace which she brought from England for her garden-party frock.

SHE'S got her blue on to-day, but I think it's a new hat," says a member of crowd as Duchess alights from open car at Town Hall for civic reception. Can't help thinking what a strain it must be to be always centre of critical public eye. Duchess frocks have always been much admired and most of them she brought with her from England. But most eye-catching to Australian women are her glorious jewels. The Duchess usually carries a petit-point bag mounted on gold with a gold chain.

HER blue—worn on final day of official engagements to the unveiling of the statue of the late King George V at King George V Memorial Hospital; at the civic reception at Town Hall, and to the Cenotaph—was first worn in Sydney by the Duchess when she inspected Cockatoos on one of her first visits to Sydney. Can remember shuddering at the time when the Duchess passed by some oily piece of machinery in case it would mar the pastel material, but no such mishap occurred to bring disgrace upon our gallant Navy!

DUCHESS' dress of grey crepe trimmed with ostrich feathers worn at investiture at Government House was one which had not been seen previously in Sydney.

At C.U.S.A. House farewell the Duchess wore the same frock which she appeared in at the opening of Parliament in Canberra, when her husband, the Duke, was sworn in as Governor-General. This dress of honey-beige lace, worn with a wide-brimmed hat, and her magnificent string of pearls and emeralds set off the Duchess' fragile beauty.

Flame chiffon worn with matching shoes was the Duchess' choice at garden party.

GREAT enthusiasm greets Duke and Duchess at civic reception in Sydney. They are cheered as they drive away from Town Hall to Cenotaph and amidst cheers from crowd Duke also gets a friendly whinny from "Once Again," his horse, which he gave to police force upon leaving Australia. "Once Again" was obtained for the Gloucesters as a hack by General Blamey.

Joyce

CURTSY FOR DUCHESS. Dame Mary Hughes is greeted by Duchess at garden party when she attended with her husband, Rt. Hon. Billy Hughes. Dame Mary has attended most of the official functions both in Sydney and in Canberra, and has been a frequent visitor to Yarralumla.



DUKE'S CHIEF-OF-STAFF, General Charles Miller, with his daughter Elspeth. General Miller replaced Brigadier Schreiber, who came to Australia with the Duke.

WORTH Reporting

CONGRATULATING an American arrival to Australia and his wife on moving into a lovely but extremely large out-of-town house, we suggested they would have trouble finding domestic help to staff it.

"We're not worrying about staff," confided the house-happy husband.

"I do all the upstairs work and my wife looks after everything downstairs."

"That means you're responsible for most of the household laundry; you're too far from town to send it out," we persisted, determined to find some flaw in the set-up.

"No trouble at all," replied the domesticated husband. "There is a laundry chute in the upstairs bathroom."

Proof of—

WE had a letter the other day from Mrs. Jessie de Goosh, Perth bride of a U.S. serviceman now living in New Hampshire, U.S.A. She tells of the great success achieved by her in making a plum pudding.

Her reference to the enthusiasm of her in-laws at seeing it cooked in a cloth interested us, so we checked up with two American girls working at the U.S. Information Library in Sydney.

They told us that the pudding would certainly have created interest for neither of them ever remembered knowing anyone in the States who cooked their own plum pudding. Most people bought them tinned, or sometimes ready cooked in basins.

Wrote Mrs. de Goosh: "The actual boiling of the pudding took place amid much flutter and confusion in our apartment."

"It seemed our lives depended on that thing bouncing round in the boiler. One just can't afford a failure with one's in-laws, can one?"

"My spouse, I fear, had his pride at stake, too, and was a nervous, jumpy wreck until serving time. Only then did he relax, and his ego became visibly inflated."

"He even accepted a congratulation or two, wearing an 'alone I did it' expression. For his share in the pudding? Or his choice of a wife? The male continues to baffle me."

THE State of Connecticut, U.S.A., has a unique method of licensing automobiles. If a motorist operates a vehicle for five years and has a clean record, he is permitted to carry number plates bearing his own initials instead of numbers.

Poor puss

A CAT we know has reached an all-time high in jealousy. He was so furious at the notice his mistress took of the possums living in their garden that when she put out banana for their evening meal puss solemnly climbed the tree and ate it himself.

THE LITTLE SCOUTS



Animal Antics



"Gosh, the view from here is magnificent."

Things to come

PREWAR glamour is coming back to Sydney's William Street showcases of the motor trade, we are delighted to note during our daily window "stares into space."

Dusty windows, depressingly empty expanses of display floors of former years are being transformed into gleaming attractive settings for the first of the few postwar models.

Brightest spot is the particular show window which catches our eye every morning with a regular "Saturday Evening Post" streamliner nestling under spectacular floral bowers with luxurious curtains falling extravagantly to and along the floor.

* * *

HAPPIEST tennis fan in Australia now is probably schoolgirl Ann Rourak, in Melbourne, an aspiring tennis player.

She takes the court now wearing linen hat with the brim autographed by all the leading Davis Cup players.

Names Jack Kramer, Adrian Quist, Gardner Mulloy, Danny Pails, Ted Schroeder have pride of place in the front.

Unique club

THE 1947 membership target for the newly-opened Women's Services Club in Melbourne is 1000.

The president of the club, Neil Rawlinson, says the club is open to ex-service-women of all ranks, Land Army girls, and uniformed Red Cross workers, and is the only one of its kind in the Commonwealth.

Great boon will be the casual accommodation which the committee hopes to provide for country and interstate members.

The amenities will include a hair-dressing salon, cleaning and pressing services. If members wish, they can also have instruction in short handicraft courses.

The vice-presidents are Margaret Curtis Otter, who, during the war, was an officer in the W.R.A.N.S., and Freda Irving, who was Publicity Officer for the Victorian Division of the Red Cross and later a member of the A.W.A.S.

The membership fees are three guineas entrance fee and two guineas yearly.

The club, which is in Market Street, has already been the scene of a number of wedding receptions for ex-service-women.

Royal nurse dies

OUR correspondent in London has cabled us news of the death of Mrs. Annie Bevers, who was known as "Nannie B" to the King and Queen and the two Princesses.

She was the woman who first showed the Princesses to their parents when the children were born in the Earl of Strathmore's charming old home in Bruton Street, London.

Nannie was 81 when she died and in her fifty years of midwifery she attended at the births of 400 of the British nobility.

It was always her proud boast that she had never lost a baby.

When she retired, she lived in her home in the south of London, to which the Queen and the Princesses were frequent visitors.

Her sitting-room was a gallery of Royal photographs.

Sugar time

IF you are walking past a Castle-rough Street arcade in Sydney about nine o'clock one morning, you may notice a small brown milk-carrier's horse standing patiently on the roadway.

If you wait a few minutes longer, you will see it raise its head expectantly, look around, and then start stamping with its forefeet on the pavement.

The horse is Senora Mary Jane, who has been doing the Castle-rough Street run for almost five years, and the stamping is a signal that it is time she got her sugar and cakes.

Girls at the nearby coffee lounge and jewellery store have been feeding the Senora every morning while she waits for the carrier, and she is always ready to remind them should they forget.

"She is the gentlest horse in the street," her carrier told us. "All the children pat her, and she nuzzles their shoulders for a piece of sugar."

"She started this stamping trick a few years ago when the lad who usually gave her sugar was off sick. Now we've got half the people in the street feeding her titbits."

Once the Senora has got her piece of sugar she is satisfied. She never stamps a second time to try to get more.

Consolation in tins

OUR London office reports that the Mayor of Wisbech, in Cambridgeshire, distributed Australian gift food parcels as "consolation prizes" to 350 unsuccessful applicants for council houses.

Only 56 houses were available, and 300 applied for them.

Those with the largest families in the most desperate need of a house were chosen.

The Australian parcels included tinned meats, Christmas puddings, tinned and dried fruits, and sweets.

Our office adds that the Mayor said that the parcels helped considerably to take "the edge off their disappointment."

Off their appetites, too, we hope.

Old clothes

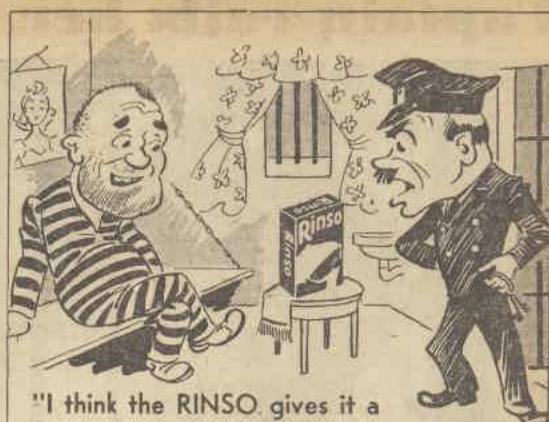
LADY DAVIS, of Vaucluse, Sydney, who has just returned home after a trip to England and America with her husband, Sir George, tells us that she went to a garden party at Buckingham Palace. "It was a lovely party, and although everyone wore their pre-war frocks they all enjoyed themselves," she said.

"Mothers quite frankly told me that their daughters were wearing their cut-down frocks, and I noticed quite a lot of pairs of shoes that could have done with some new heels."

"In fact anyone with a new frock in England is a conspicuous figure."

"When I arrived I was given ten coupons, and I really didn't know what to spend them on; there was so little to buy."

"So I kept them, and before I left I bought a few presents for my friends, who were delighted with them."



"I think the RINSO gives it a homey touch—don't you?"



Captain calls her beautiful lady in crinolines



MASTER. Captain H. S. Collier, of the sailing ship Pamir, surveys his command, which is one of the few windjammers sailing the seas.

Ship's company are all devoted to their lovely barque, Pamir

By BETTY NESBIT

Captain H. S. Collier, master of the four-masted barque Pamir, doesn't care much about having his ship tied up alongside a wharf or at anchor in the stream.

"At sea she's alive. She's a beautiful lady in crinolines," he told me when I went aboard the 40-year-old ship when she was lying in Sydney Harbor.

IN harbor she's just a museum piece that people like to hang over a sea-wall and gaze at.

"At sea I have to woo her to get her into a good mood. She has to be coaxed through the light winds and guided through the storms."

"When the wind is fair, the sun shining and her sails set there isn't a more beautiful sight."

Which to me seemed rather a poetic way of expressing his love for his ship.

But tell Captain Collier that there was something of the poet in him and he'd give a great boom of laughter that would be heard from stem to stern.

In fact, tell that to any of the 39 men on board and they'd all smile.

The truth is that the old seductive mystery and romance of the sea that have lived in men's imagination for centuries have brought them together as voyagers in one of the few left of the world's great sailing ships.

But the Pamir to-day is a very different ship from the one with worn-out gear, suits of threadbare, patched sails which sailed around the oceans in search of cargoes as one of Gustaf Erickson's Finnish fleet.

The New Zealand Government, which now controls her, has turned her into a crack ship that any old-time master would envy.

Conditions for the sailors on board would stagger the skippers and bunks mates of the roaring 'torties.

A diesel engine drives the dynamo for electric light, a refrigeration plant for the coal store has storage space for eighty days' supply of fresh meat.

No salt horse for these sailors.

She has spanking new sails, which were cut and sewn aboard the ship, and plenty of new rigging and gear.

On one of her trips to Frisco she had riggers aboard her working for weeks.

SHIP'S HISTORY

THE Pamir was bought by Gustaf Erickson, of Mariehamn, in the Åland Islands, after the 1914-18 war to add to his fleet of sailing ships and sailed in the grain races from Australia.

She was flying the Finnish flag at the outbreak of war in 1939, and when she sailed into Wellington she was seized as a prize of war by the New Zealand Government.

To see her at the Quay must bring a nostalgia to the oldtimers who remember the days when a dozen full-rigged ships were at their quay-side berths, and Joseph Conrad wrote of the scene.

This is the first time the Pamir has been in Sydney Harbor for more than 12 years.

The last time she came in her top-gallant masts were taken off to allow her to sail under the bridge. This time she will stay on the ocean side of it. But quite near to it.

Sailors' luck

SHE lies at 7 West Circular Quay, her jib boom, with a shark's tail fastened to it for sailors' luck, stretching over into the street.

Captain Collier would rather she was lying at East Circular Quay, on the other side.

He was quite frank about it.

"The bridge makes her look a bit small," he said.

Before I could say anything, he added quickly: "All right, I know. I'm mad about her."

"But I haven't been in sail since 1920, so it's rather like returning to an old love, you know."

He and the Pamir have both sailed through two wars.

Until all the matters relating to the war are straightened out, the Pamir continues to be registered at



AT SEA. The four-masted barque Pamir on her voyage from New Zealand to Australia with a cargo of timber. This aerial photograph was taken by an Australian Women's Weekly photographer, Hunk Haxenpilug.

Mariehamn, her original home port, although she is owned now by the New Zealand Government.

This makes her a foreign ship, although the Red Duster flies at the yardarm, and under the international code of the sea a pilot must take her into port—even her own port, Wellington, or any other port in New Zealand.

Captain Collier is anxiously looking forward to the day when the name "Mariehamn," painted in thick white letters under the stern, is replaced with the word "Wellington."

"Having a pilot sail you in and out of your own ports makes you feel like a foreigner," he said.

Captain Collier is known to his shipmates as "Two Gun Pete," a nickname that he has been given from the way in which he stands with his hands tucked in his belt and his thumbs pointing like two guns.

In between making arrangements about getting a new galley stove for the ship, berating an electrician for not repairing the electric lights which some defect had put out of action, ordering lunch for some visitors, Captain Collier told me that he was keen on buying some dress patterns for his wife and daughters.

He is certainly a family man, and although his daughters are grown up he hasn't forgotten how to please a small child.

When friends of the second mate, Andrew Keyworth, came on board and were taken into the captain's cabin to be introduced, he dived into the bottom of a drawer and produced a bag of sweets for their little girl.

"Or would you rather have an apple?" he asked.

"And you ought to hear him curse a tiring crew when they loose the tow," said Andrew in a small aside to me.

Loves sail

MR. KEYWORTH, who has been at sea since he was 14, is the ship's "oldest inhabitant."

He has been on board for five years, signed on as an A.B., and will shortly sit for his master's ticket.

He has sailed in both sail and steam, but there isn't any doubt as to which he likes best.

And there isn't any doubt, either, as to the way he feels about the Pamir.

In his cabin he showed me her cutting book. No press-agent for

an actress ever kept one more carefully.

Every line that has ever been written about the Pamir was neatly recorded, every picture showing her magnificent beauty of canvas there.

And on the wall of his cabin were a large-sized photograph and two drawings, and many more pictures of her in his teak sea-chest.

He has done a lot of sailing in small ships around the islands.

"But that's different to handling a ship like this one," he said.

"It took me two years to get the feel of the Pamir. I remember the night it happened, two years after I joined her.

"I was standing my watch at the wheel, and all of a sudden I knew I could handle her as I wanted to."

"It was a wonderful moment. I was more excited about that than anything else in my life."

As I climbed down the gangway of the Pamir and looked up at the masts, the tracery of rigging against a blue sky, and imagined her at sea, the masts straining at the weight of the sails, I felt sorry for the wives and sweethearts of the men of the Pamir.

They certainly have a dangerous life.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS of Gloucester receive waves, smiles, and warm expressions of farewell as they drive through Sydney's crowd-lined streets.

LOYAL CROWDS CHEER DUKE AND DUCHESS



ON TOWN HALL STEPS Duke and Duchess acknowledge cheers of crowds, as Lord Mayor, Alderman Bartley, leads cheering. Later, Duke and Duchess laid wreaths at Cenotaph.



DUCHESS greets guests at garden party at Admiralty House.



NAVAL GUARD is inspected by Duke at Town Hall ceremony, one of his last official engagements. The Duchess and Prince William and Prince Richard will follow the Duke to England by ship early in February.



THIS STATUE of his father outside King George V Hospital was unveiled by the Duke.

**DANGEROUS
CUTS &
GRAZES**

**SOON
HEALED**

*My little Judy's
the one for falling over.
She's always covered in cuts and grazes,
and I used to be afraid they would become infected.*

*The other day the
gravel-rash on her
knee looked very
worried. I said to my
neighbour. She said,
she always rated on
Rexona Ointment—
in I tried it.*

*That cool, green
ointment soothed
the painful throbbing
almost immediately.
How amazingly
quickly the infection cleared away.*

*Now I don't worry
as much when
young Judy gets
cuts or grazes. I
know Rexona will
guard against con-
flict and heal
them quickly.*

THE RAPID HEALER

Rexona

1/6 OINTMENT

A JAR

(City & Suburbs)

**Why is your shirt
so much WHITER
than my blouse?**



JUST compare Persil whiteness with the whiteness you get from the best of ordinary washers! The difference will amaze you. The reason is that Persil's suds are charged with oxygen—so they're extra active, extra cleansing. Gently they wash away every trace of dirt—not some of it... not most of it... but ALL of it. Persil washes whitest because it washes cleanest. When you see Persil whiteness you'll wonder why you were ever satisfied with anything else

PERSIL gives the whitest wash

L KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD



Flowers from a Stranger

Continued from page 7

THE last time Tim remembered seeing Nestri react so strangely was the day of Lorna's fall. But that, he told himself, still added up to nothing, and only brought his thoughts back to Lorna.

There was no one here to whom he would dare take her. And he could not help her until he had straightened out his own mind. As a husband, it was easy for him to condemn his wife for indulging in silly premonitions. But as a psychiatrist, he knew their danger.

He was glad that Lorna had decided to go to his mother. She needed rest, a sense of security. And he needed to think, to watch Nestri and talk with him and draw him out. He needed time.

Suddenly he became aware that for several minutes he had been staring at a spot of white on the lawn near the house. He got up and walked toward it.

When he drew near, he saw that it was a single white carnation lying on the grass. He picked it up in his hand.

It was just the flower head which seemed to have been torn from the stem. Yet it was not wilted. It was fresh with cool night dew and its sweet fresh scent was in his nostrils. How long had it been since that bunch of Nestri's had been thrown away? Five days? A week? At least that! This carnation was fresh. He looked up and saw the open dining-room window in front of him. He shook his head unconsciously.

What was a fresh carnation doing out here in the grass? Lorna had not mentioned anything about carnations except the bunch from Nestri which Margaret had thrown away at least a week ago.

He heard Lorna's voice inside the

house. She was talking to Margaret about trains. Tim put the flowers quickly into his pocket.

He would not mention it to Lorna. Not yet. Until he had straightened out his own mind, he must never stop trying to keep some doubt in hers. If she let herself panic her own hysteria might destroy her. In many cases of murder obsession, the victim killed themselves in a panic of terror.

That, Tim believed, was Lorna's greatest danger now.

When he went into the house, he found her in the study telephoning his mother and arranging to leave for London at once, which was just as well. She seemed quite calm now after her short sleep. But she was angry; unreasonably angry. He could not help her with that.

She had said: "I'm not coming back, Tim."

He could not believe that. The fear of it was intolerable. He loved her more than anything in life. Yet he knew that this was the second time he had failed her.

When she had lost the baby she had told him that he was more doctor than husband. And now he was failing her because he was more husband than doctor. Yet his only hope of holding her love was to let her go now.

"May I help you with your packing?" he asked.

"No, thank you. It's finished. There's a train in an hour."

"You're not wasting any time."

"I can't stay here. You must realise that."



COMPARISON

HERS is a charming house!

The polished stair

Knows not a muddy footprint; everywhere

From basement to the attic one may find

Plain evidence of a well-ordered mind;

No sticky finger-marks besmirch the wall;

No toys beset the floor; nor does one hear

—Since she has willed it so—

A baby call.

Hers is a life well planned

For two alone,

And yet I know no envy of her state

—Whose vision ends where mine would but begin—

For sad were I if I should lose desire

To see the legless doll, the battered drum;

Or hear—when school is done—the lusty shout

(Demanding bread and jam).

"Aw geel Where's Mum?"

—EILEEN SHEAHAN.

He nodded. "You'll feel safer with mother. You'll get rest and be able to reason better."

Lorna did not answer him. She talked very little on the way to the station. When he put her on the London train she seemed calm and sensible. There was nothing about her kiss to indicate that she was not coming back.

Only when the train was gone, he thought, I'm making the greatest mistake of my life! And he knew, out of all the confusion, the uncertainty, the desperate logic, that only this was absolute: it had been a mistake to let her go!

It was afternoon before Tim reached the hospital. He sat at his desk with the door open and listened to the snatches of conversation floating down the passage. Everyone was talking about last night, about the patient who had escaped and had tried to kill Dr. Baylor's housekeeper.

Tim took the carnation out of his pocket. He filled a glass with water and put the carnation in it. He set it on his desk and stared at it. After a while he lifted his desk phone.

"Has Dr. Nestri come in yet?"

"No, he hasn't, doctor. Shall I tell him you're looking for him when he comes in?"

"If you please."

Tim put the receiver down. He went to the steel filing cabinets, took out a folder, and went on working to keep his mind occupied.

It was nearly dinner time before anyone came into his office, and then it was not Dr. Nestri. It was Dr. Dennison.

"Ruth asked me to find out if you, too, were running out on our dinner-party to-night," he said. "Everybody's failing her."

"Dinner-party?" Tim frowned. "Is that to-night? Lorna forgot to remind me."

"She dashed off to London in a hurry, didn't she? Not that I blame her! That was a dreadful experience last night. I understand she's gone to stay with your mother."

Tim studied the young doctor curiously.

"Jim, would you mind telling me how you knew that? I haven't mentioned it to a soul."

James Dennison laughed. "Elementary, Watson. Ruth phoned. The housekeeper told her."

"I see. And did Ruth mention it to anyone?"

Jim's face sobered and he stared at Tim.

"I don't know. Is anything wrong?"

"Not exactly. I'm just worried about Lorna. And I wondered if anyone else knew about her going to London."

"Well, I don't think Ruth mentioned it to anyone except Dr. Nestri. And, incidentally, there's another absent dinner guest . . . had to leave unexpectedly."

Tim stood up. He put the folder to one side.

"I hope Ruth will excuse our bad manners, Jim," he said brightly. "Lorna was upset after last night and she must have forgotten to ring Ruth. I'm going to cry off, too. I've got an awful lot of work to do this evening . . . difficult work."

"I know," Jim sighed. "Genius burns."

When he had gone, Tim sat staring at the white carnation. It was beginning to wilt and its scent was heavy. It seemed to Tim that his whole room was full of it . . . a sweet, sickening smell of . . . of death. He lifted the telephone and asked for the local hotel.

"Can you tell me when Dr. Nestri will be back? This is Dr. Baylor." "He expects to be away for a few days."

"I see. Did he take his car?"

"Yes, Doctor. I believe he was going to London. At least, those were the road maps he asked for."

Tim put down the telephone. The smell of the carnation seemed suddenly to fill his whole being. It was in his clothes and in his nostrils and in his mind. It was like a presence in the quiet, darkening room.

He lifted the receiver and spoke to Margaret.

"Will you have a suitcase packed for me when I get home for dinner, Margaret? I'm driving to London to-night."

Lorna found Tim's mother waiting for her at the barrier on the station.

"You needn't have met me, Mother," Lorna said as she kissed her.

"I was a bit worried about you," Mrs. Baylor said gently. "Tim said you were ill."

Lorna was puzzled for a moment because it was she who had rung up to say that she was coming.

"He rang this morning after he had seen you off," Mrs. Baylor explained.

"Tim rang you!" Lorna said sharply. She softened her tone by adding, "That was thoughtful of him."

But she caught her mother-in-law's deep, curious look and she knew that she had not deceived her. She changed the subject, asking for the latest news of Tim's younger brother, Roderick, who was in Germany. Mrs. Baylor talked about Roderick's interesting letters all the time they were in the taxi.

"He's been to Paris several times," Mrs. Baylor said, "and I couldn't help comparing his descriptions with my own memories. He thinks the French are an ingenious people. Doesn't that please you, my dear . . . being half French yourself?"

Lorna turned a frozen, paralysed face to her. The question sent her into a whirling pit of confusion.

"Yes . . ." she said vaguely.

She did not hear any of her mother-in-law's bright conversation. She was stupefied by the reference to her being half French.

The Australian Women's Weekly — January 25, 1947



Threads from the loom of time



1

PRELUDE TO AN INDUSTRY . . .

FOR generations the British Commonwealth has given asylum to refugees from every country, and it is interesting that the hospitality offered in England to the Huguenots nearly three centuries ago was the first step towards the foundation of a great British business; and one, moreover, destined to have far-reaching effects on the standards of life throughout the world.

Within a century of settlement in England, a descendant of one of those Huguenot families laid the foundations of what we now know as Courtaulds, Limited, originally a silk business and later the first firm in the world to make a commercial success of rayon.

Courtaulds

the largest rayon manufacturers in the British Commonwealth

Distributors overseas of Courtaulds Fabrics: Samuel Courtauld & Co., Ltd., London, England.

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MELBOURNE: (Head Office) Samuel Courtauld & Co. (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., Quiclet House, 175 Flinders Lane. SYDNEY: Samuel Courtauld & Co. (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., Broughton House, 181 Clarence Street. BRISBANE: Erik B. Milne, 172 Edward Street. ADELAIDE: K. T. Flint, 178 Rundle Street. FERTH: A. C. Mackie, Economic Chambers, William Street.

Distributors overseas of Courtaulds Rayon Yarns: Lustre Fibres Ltd., Coventry England.

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WITH a determined effort, Lorna struggled to collect her racing thoughts. Was she half French? And if she was, how did Tim's mother know it when she herself did not?

She was suddenly possessed by a feeling of unreality, of madness. This was not real—sitting in a taxi with a woman who was almost a stranger to her... hearing in casual conversation a vital fact about herself which she had never known. She could not shake off the feeling.

For the first time she wondered seriously if she was going insane. She heard her name spoken, then repeated as though someone were calling her. She saw her mother-in-law looking at her strangely.

"I'm sorry," Lorna said. "I didn't hear you. My head's splitting. The train..."

"Oh, I am sorry!" Mrs. Baylor

Flowers from a Stranger

Continued from page 28

reached out and touched her hand reassuringly. "And I've been going on and on! We can talk later when you've had a chance to freshen up. Here we are at home, dear."

At home. It was nice to put it that way, but this house was not home to Lorna. It was a refuge now, as it had been once before when her father was dying and she had not a soul to whom she might turn.

It was typical of Mrs. Baylor that she put Lorna into Tim's old room instead of into a spare room.

Each of the boys' rooms had been left exactly as it had been... complete with school photographs, souvenirs, books, and keepsakes. They could come back at any time and step into the past, and lay their hands securely upon the wishes, the tastes, the loves and longings

which had moulded them.

To Lorna this room meant nothing; less than nothing, for it was a painful reminder of the secure position from which Tim judged her.

He had implied that she was indulging herself in a dangerous obsession. He might be right. She was no longer sure of herself. She moved with her emotions in a dreamlike world where everything added to her uncertainty. Her thoughts no longer seemed logical but crisscrossed through her brain like the aimless swarming of flies.

Lorna went up to her room, washed, and changed into a housecoat. She took her time over it, so that when Mrs. Baylor called her to the drawing-room for tea she certainly looked more relaxed. Her mother-in-law was quick to note it.

"Now, isn't that a good girl?" she approved. "I thought I'd have to persuade you to rest. Tim said you need lots of it."

"I lie down," Lorna said dreamily. "I close my eyes. I even go to sleep. But I don't rest."

"Poor sweet!" Mrs. Baylor touched her arm in quick sympathy. "Tim told me about your dreadful experience with one of the patients."

"He didn't tell you, though, that one of the doctors sent her there to murder me."

Mrs. Baylor's shocked silence was sufficient answer.

"He was ashamed to tell you." Lorna seated herself in a comfortable armchair. "He thinks that I'm talking myself into insanity. And I'm not sure he's wrong."

Tim's mother busied herself with the tea things.

"I felt that something was terribly wrong," she said with distress. "Do you want to tell me about it, dear?"

"Yes, I do. That's why I came here. Because Tim doesn't believe me and he won't help me. I think you will. Perhaps because you're the only one left to help me."

"That doesn't sound like Tim."

"No, it doesn't, does it?" Lorna smiled faintly. "He's always been so kind. But Tim hasn't much patience with normal people who are deliberately courting insanity. He sees too much of it. He can't endure the thought of his own wife doing the same thing."

"Tell me what's troubling you, my dear," Mrs. Baylor suggested.

Once more, wearily and hopelessly, Lorna told the story of her meeting with Dr. Negri and all the strange intangibles which followed. As she talked, Tim's mother listened intently, as though weighing not only the significance of Lorna's words but her choice of the words themselves.

When Lorna had finished, the older woman walked to the window and stood looking out at the street.

"And you say that you and your housekeeper together could not budge that dining-room window, and yet you found it open wide enough for that woman to climb in?"

"That's right," Lorna told her. "It's the only point in the whole story that could not be a figment of my imagination. Tim says that insane people have been known to possess superhuman strength. But if she was not strong enough to overpower Margaret in her sleep, then she was not strong enough to open that window by herself."

Tim's mother shook her head as though she found no answer to satisfy herself. Lorna pressed her cold hands against her face.

"You don't believe me, either!" she cried.

The older woman turned from her contemplation of the street.

"I don't disbelieve you, Lorna. It's just that it's so... so strange. I've never had any experience myself with the so-called sixth sense. I've heard of interesting cases, and I'm not denying that it might be possible. If it were a man you had known at some time... even a man you had heard your parents speak of..."

Lorna started. "You believe that it's possible!" she cried eagerly. "At least vaguely."

"I don't know." The older woman shook her head. "It seems to me that Tim should know more than I about the human mind."

"But isn't it possible that there are things we don't understand yet

with our minds?" Lorna beseeched her. "Things that are still beyond our knowledge? Don't you believe that love can transcend life, and space, and time... and perhaps hate can too?"

Tim's mother came back and stood before Lorna, looking down at her with a mixture of pity and bewilderment.

"Lorna, my dear, it would be so wrong of me to encourage you to believe in what you fear," she said quietly. "Tim would never forgive me."

"No! No, he wouldn't!" Lorna turned away, filled with desperation. "There must be someone... someone who knows..." She paused, turned back to Mrs. Baylor. "You said that I was half French. How did you know that?" she demanded.

"Why, I... I thought you'd told me that." Mrs. Baylor said awkwardly. "Didn't you?"

"No, I couldn't have because I didn't know it. Who told you? I must know! I must! My life depends on knowing!"

Mrs. Baylor hesitated as though groping for the words to express herself.

"I'm really ashamed to tell you this," she said. "You must understand, Lorna, that I've grown to love you very dearly. So dearly that I'm ashamed now to tell you that there was a time when I worried for fear you might not be right for Tim. You were such a sweet girl when you came here that first time, utterly alone and in trouble. I liked you so much then."

She was silent a moment, then she went on quietly: "But later, when I found out that Tim wanted to marry you, I wanted to know where you had come from, what your family background had been. I know it sounds cold-blooded, but I was worried for Tim."

"I never had a family in the ordinary sense of the word," Lorna said. "Or if I had I never knew about it."

"I know. That's what I mean. It seemed a bit strange. So I tried to find out something about you. Will you forgive me?"

"What did you find?" Lorna demanded.

"Very little, my dear." Mrs. Baylor shook her head. "I still have the report downstairs, but I can tell you exactly what is in it. Just the fact that you were born in London, that you were educated abroad. Your mother was Marie Chantre, a singer in the French opera. She was killed in an accident here in London when you were a baby. Your father was Bruce Trenton, the last of an old Irish family. He was a gambler."

"A gambler!" Lorna cried. "My father was an art dealer!"

The older woman nodded.

"Yes, he was an art dealer, that's true," she said. "But he was also a notorious gambler, my dear."

Lorna got up and walked across the room blindly. A gambler! That explained a great deal! Why he always sent her to school when the money was low, why he loved that poker table, why a trust fund had paid for her music training in Paris, why the life insurance policy was all that was left.

When he died, what wealth he had had died with him, with his hands and his brain. He was a gambler! That explained why there were no family friends, no one who was close to her father.

She turned back to Tim's mother, then, turning away from her again, she murmured, "Were you afraid for me to marry your son?"

"No," Mrs. Baylor smiled. "That was the strangest part of it all. I think I always knew that whatever the report said, I was still going to like you. I couldn't help that."

"My mother was a singer," Lorna said, her eyes suddenly full of tears. "That's where I must have inherited my talent for music—from her! You can't imagine how thrilling that is! I've always felt cheated because I never had a mother—I could never even talk about her without hunting my father!" She was nearly crying now.

"I never had one single thing of hers—not even a photograph. Not even the satisfaction of knowing I looked like her. And now I find that she left me something after all. She left me her music."

THERE was a little silence, then Mrs. Baylor said gently: "I think it's a lovely thought—that she left you her music."

Lorna nodded. After a moment she turned and walked to and fro, hesitantly, like a person who is lost.

"It's strange," she said at last. "I've always believed that she died when I was born, although my father denied it. But she didn't. She was killed in an accident." She stopped suddenly, and her body grew rigid. "What sort of accident?" she asked in a tense whisper.

"The report didn't give any details," Tim's mother told her. "I just said her death was accidental. I believe that the date is on the report, but that's all."

Lorna stared at the older woman, her face reflecting the horror-stricken thought that tormented her. Mrs. Baylor went to her.

"Oh, my poor child! You're thinking of that dream!"

"Yes! So are you! It was my mother! I know it! The way she smiled at me—I've never felt like that before. Oh, I know it was she! He's killing me!" she said. "I heard her! I saw her fall off the platform in front of the train. He did that—and he'll do the same thing to me! And no one will ever know!"

"Lorna!" Mrs. Baylor shook her lightly. "Lorna, dear, you mustn't get so upset."

"Upset! I'm nearly out of my mind! Because no one will believe me—no one will help me! And he's going to kill me!"

She threw herself against Tim's mother, sobbing wildly, clinging to her as though she were the last hope in the world. The older woman stroked her hair gently.

"Poor Lorna," she said. "You're safe here. Come, now, and lie down for a while."

She led her upstairs again to the bedroom, and made her lie down, and after a while Lorna stopped crying. Mrs. Baylor drew the blinds.

"Go to sleep, Lorna dear. I'll sit beside you until you do. You'll be quite safe here with me. You know that. Now, go to sleep."

"You're very kind," Lorna said dully. "Even if you can't believe my story you want to help me. I'm very grateful to you."

But in her heart there was a feeling of despair—of doom.

To be concluded



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AS EXCITING as a birthday gift—the way gentle Lux keeps that new look in your undies—that LUX LOOK. It's left-in perspiration that ruins delicate fabrics and fades colours. But a regular, nightly Lux dip whisks it away... leaves undies sweet as dewy spring violets. Tests prove that with Lux, undies stay lovely 3 times as long as when you use strong soaps or harsh methods like bar-soap rubbing.



U.228.24

Men should not be too old at forty

I WONDER if many readers of The Australian Women's Weekly realise the unfairness and discrimination with which a man of 45 years of age has to contend.

Although his experience makes him a man worthwhile and of value to would-be employers, when making an application for a position well within the scope of his ability he is met frequently with the remark "Sorry, we require a younger man."

At present girls and youths are in constant demand, although the majority of them are essentially unreliable and inexperienced. Their attraction, therefore, must necessarily be lower salaries compared with adults—surely a false economy.

The man of 45 years of age and over has to his credit approximately 20 years' valuable experience, usually of one profession or trade. Accordingly he has greater knowledge, is more self-confident, and generally a better man to fill the position, yet one finds on scanning advertisements the demand is always for juniors, with the postscript "not over forty."

What is to become of our men approaching middle-age? Surely there is something wrong with a system that prevents such men securing a job once they become unemployed.

5/- to Miss Joan Mockett, Strathfield, Churchill St., Leura, N.S.W.

What's on your mind?

Do smokers agree?

IT is fortunate that smoking in Australian cinemas except in Queensland, is not permitted; for it allows us the unspoiled pleasure of viewing movies in a clear atmosphere unpolluted by a heavy smoke-screen and without the striking of



matches and coughing which take place where the law allows smoking in the theatre.

5/- to Mrs. J. Francis, c/o Mrs. G. Malm, Elgin St., East Gordon, N.S.W.

Helping children

EACH year we have given our 17-year-old daughter a birthday party, stipulating that she is not to be given any presents, but that we would be pleased if each guest brought one smiling donation towards a cheque to go to the Far West Crippled Children's Health Scheme. Every year we have had happy and liberal response from our guests, all being pleased to help even in a small way the poor little sufferers who endure pain and hardship so bravely.

5/- to Mrs. G. Harrigan, 79 Campbell St., Wollongong, N.S.W.

HE SAID "We'll get in touch with you regarding the position"



BUT HE MEANT
"That blotchy skin would drive customers away!"

It's good business to use
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REXONA SOAP CONTAINS CADYL, an exclusive Rexona compound comprising Oils of Cedar, Cassia, Cloves, Terebinth and Sorey Acetate... all recognised valuable skin medicaments.



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NO GIRL WITH HER EYE ON A CAREER can risk rough, patchy skin... blotches... blackheads. Banish these faults by regular, daily use of Rexona Soap! Rexona's silky lather, specially medicated with Cadyl, gently cases out all dirt and stale make-up. No other soap has all Rexona's medicaments—get a cake to-day.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 100 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 17. Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-name. Payment of £1 will be made for letters accepted and 5/- for others.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Bad psychology

IT would be a good idea to make an alteration in the name of institutions which house invalids, and are called "Homes For Incurables." It must make the inmates feel very depressed when they receive letters and parcels bearing that address.

Many people dislike putting the words "Home For Incurables" on mail to friends whose misfortune it is to be there. Why not call these homes after the suburb they are in, such as "Hyde Park Invalid Home"?

5/- to Mrs. C. B. Ramsey, Pinikanillie, via Kimba, S.A.

Business training no help

UNLIKE "Business Woman" (21/12/46), I do not think a business career is any help to a woman's success as wife and mother.

A woman whose only experience is housework and cooking is more adaptable than one who has had office training, because she knows from past experience that in a home daily routine is but a guide. An extra for dinner at a minute's notice is not an outrage.

If the day is sunny and her husband and children clamor for a picnic she knows housework can be done any day, and that every day is not suitable for an excursion.

Husbands have enough routine at the office, and they like the home atmosphere to be less rigid.

5/- to "Experienced Housewife," Victor Harbor, S.A.

Lessons while she rests

AS a young mother with three children my experience has been that the average mother is over-anxious to get the home running smoothly after her return from hospital, and seldom enjoys the rest essential for her well-being.

Rest centres where mothers could go for a fortnight after leaving hospital to receive instruction in home management, correct nourishment, a workable budget, child management and perhaps even lessons in the drafting of simple patterns for the baby's wardrobe would be a boon.

5/- to Mrs. J. Nevill, 19 Pier St., East Fremantle, W.A.

Films in church

F. T. LEACH (14/12/46) has a wrong idea of films in church. The purpose of them is not primarily to make the services more attractive or to make the church a place of amusement, but as a means of education, especially for children. Things seen make a more vivid impression than things heard, and the very fine films issued by the Religious Film Society can surely do nothing but good.

5/- to G. S. Lumley, Reserve Rd., Cheltenham, Vic.

Some for all

PARENTS of large families know that, if they are to prosper, it is necessary to budget properly, and to be fair to each member with food and clothing to maintain health and prevent disputes.

As a thinking people, let us support the rules made for Australian people as a family to keep the national budget balanced regarding rationed food and clothing.

It is a much fairer thing for us all to be able to buy necessities at controlled prices than for blackmarketeers to operate.

5/- to Margaret Hart, Crystal Brook, S.A.

More salt, less sugar in reviews

IT would appear that literary critics are out of date. What we have to-day are merely super salesmen, for one seldom finds an adverse criticism of contemporary literature unless it is too bad to be dignified by that name.

To judge by current book reviews we live in an age of such superb literary genius that even Shakespeare pales into insignificance.

These are some of the adjectives we find applied to the most ordinary novels or biographies:

"There is nothing with which to compare it in the literature of today. It is the very mountain peak of imaginative writing."

"This delicious book is perfect from beginning to end."

Now I ask you! Please let us have salty, worthwhile reviews by people who know good work. We are weary of sugary balderdash.

5/- to Mrs. Jean Grant, Ross Cabin, Bundanoon, N.S.W.

Council's enterprise

AN enterprising Sydney suburban council has erected noticeboards displaying timetables and details of all bus routes near every railway station in the district. This is a great convenience to newcomers, interstate visitors, and tourists, putting them on the right track without endless inquiries and unnecessary long waits.

5/- to Miss D. Locke, Harmony, Richmond Park, East Gorden, N.S.W.

A high position

SOME people look on the mother of a family as just an ordinary person who cooks, sews, and does the washing; but a mother can hold a very high position indeed by training her children to be the type of men and women this country needs. She should share their amusements as much as possible, so that understanding exists between parent and children well!

Good children make good citizens. Good citizens build a good country, so what higher position could any woman have than bringing up her children well?

5/- to Mrs. E. Wesley, Daisy Vale, Skelton Creek, via Glen Innes, N.S.W.

Pests versus tourists

IF we really wish to attract tourists to this country some large-scale work should be undertaken by the Government to rid beautiful island, lake, and beach resorts of tormenting hordes of mosquitoes and sandflies. This is not asking the impossible.

Many people dislike putting the words "Home For Incurables" on mail to friends whose misfortune it is to be there. Why not call these homes after the suburb they are in, such as "Hyde Park Invalid Home"?

5/- to Mrs. C. B. Ramsey, Pinikanillie, via Kimba, S.A.

for the Australian and U.S. Armies sprayed D.D.T. by plane over large areas during the war to kill such pests.

5/- to Mrs. J. W. Kennedy, Russell Island, via Redland Bay, Qld.

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what tests have proved



Pepsodent with Irium
makes teeth far brighter

You're sure to find new brightness in your teeth... new sparkle in your smile this easy way! Tests prove in just one week Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter. You see, Pepsodent — and only Pepsodent — contains Irium — the exclusive, patented cleansing ingredient. And Pepsodent with Irium removes the sludge film... floats it away quickly, easily, safely. In a moment your teeth feel cleaner... in just one week they look far brighter!



For the safety of your smile — use Pepsodent twice a day... see your dentist twice a year.

PL.26

Page 31

END IRREGULARITY

this safe, gentle, natural way . . .

**No harsh remedies—
Just a nut-sweet breakfast food!**

HOME TRUTHS ABOUT HARSH LAXATIVES



HOW THEY ACT! Harsh remedies get their results by "shocking" your system into action. These unnatural methods frequently call for increased dosage from month to month. They tend to aggravate . . . never to ease your condition.



WHAT THEY DO! Doctors blame 75% of a serious type of illness in middle-aged people to the over-use of harsh remedies. Artificial stimulants are often too quick-acting; only half-relieve your trouble.



WHY THEY FAIL! The best that harsh remedies can promise you is temporary relief. They can't restore you to normal regularity, because they do nothing to correct the cause of your trouble—insufficient "bulk" in your diet.

Do you know where irregularity starts? It starts at your dining table. Yes—90% of to-day's irregularity is directly due to the foods we eat. These modern staples — meat, white bread, potatoes, milk, eggs, fish — they're all nourishing enough, but lack one vital element — "bulk". These foods are totally absorbed in the digestive process. They leave no residue for the internal muscles to work on—so you become "irregular".

The safe, sure way to end irregularity is by getting "bulk" back in to your diet. Kellogg's All-Bran, a nut-sweet breakfast food, provides all the "bulk" you need to get yourself back to healthy regularity.



No more health-damaging, harsh remedies! Just eat two tablespoonsful of Kellogg's All-Bran at breakfast each morning. Serve it just like any other breakfast food, with milk and sugar. (And let the milk soak in). Kellogg's All-Bran is specially prepared to supply your system with concentrated "bulk". It forms a soft, absorbent

mass that gently massages the internal muscles and brings on peristaltic action. Enjoy Kellogg's All-Bran every morning and within a week, you will be safely back to healthy regularity.

**REAL RELIEF AT LAST!
KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN*
HAS GOT ME SAFELY REGULAR
IN ONE WEEK . . . NO MORE HARSH
REMEDIES FOR ME!**

* REGISTERED TRADE MARK

Get a packet of Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer right away!



H

HANK thought he had never seen Mary Jane so annoyed. "I can't stand that Manchester," she said furiously.

"Come now," Hank replied. "He's a fine, upstanding kid. You mustn't confuse his public life with his private life. His private life is undoubtedly awful."

"His public life is going to be awful by the time I'm through."

From past experience with her, that statement worried Hank.

Despite his fears, however, Sunday passed as the Sabbath should. On Monday and the two days following, they worked on a couple of other stories, and Mary Jane photographed everything within sight. She made no more mention of Manchester.

Hank knew, however, that she was quietly casing him. He heard her asking questions at the desk a few times, inquiries dealing with his comings and goings. It seemed that Manchester was out most of the day. His evening ritual included a walk in the Paseo de la Reforma.

Hank would have followed Mary Jane's opening moves with more attention, except that he had met a Mexican lady named Amata Aguirre, who absorbed a lot of his attention. He therefore missed the preliminaries leading up to the main event.

The main event was a nasty shock to him. He was in the hotel lobby when Mary Jane entered in Manchester's arms. Hank clutched at the counter to steady himself and then went over to ask questions. His colleague's face was drawn up in a reasonable facsimile of pain, and Manchester was very brusque.

"Please get Miss Fraser's key," he said. "I'll take her to her room."

They went up in the elevator together and Hank opened the door. Manchester tenderly deposited Mary Jane in a chair.

Hank got a pan of hot water and Mary Jane peeled the stocking off her right leg and soaked the ankle. It didn't appear swollen in the least. Hank noted that and the fact that Mary Jane was wearing a dress which would have landed her a job in any chorus line. Manchester apparently noted nothing. He had a tendency to pop up and down and prance, sending for a doctor.

"Oh, please don't worry about me, Manchester," Mary Jane said. "I'm all right now. I only hope you didn't kick your back carrying me."

"Not at all," Manchester said. "I liked it—I mean, helping you."

"It was so wonderful, your being there," Mary Jane said. "I don't know what I'd have done. I was frightened out of my wits."

"You're very brave," Manchester said. "For such a—little girl."

"Really I'm not."

"Yes, you are."

"Like," Hank said.

Mary Jane glared at him. Manchester rose to go.

"How can I ever thank you?" she said. "I know I've put you to a great deal of trouble."

"Not at all," Manchester said.

"Will you have breakfast with us in the morning?"

"I should be delighted."

Mary Jane smiled. "That's swell, Ivan. Eight o'clock, hm?"

"Eight o'clock, it is," Manchester turned happily to Hank. "I'll look forward to seeing you in the morning, sir."

"Not at all," Hank said.

The door closed on Manchester, and Hank was left pondering on woman's inhumanity to man. Taking a towel, Mary Jane dried her foot, inserted it in a slipper, rose and walked over to her dressing table. She didn't limp.

"No, no," Hank said, "not that. You didn't use that old chestnut."

"That I did," Mary Jane replied, and proceeded to relate what had happened.

It seemed that when Manchester was strolling along the street, a girl tripped and fell directly in his path. Being a perfect gentleman, he lifted her up, and finding that she came from his own hotel, volunteered to carry her back there. She accepted most gratefully.

Moreover, he seemed definitely pleased when she placed her arm around his neck, murmuring admiringly, "You're so strong!"

"But they don't go for that any more," Hank protested. "The sprained-ankle trick was washed-up in the 'nineties."

"History," she said, "has a habit of repeating itself."

Make it Snappy

Continued from page 9

In the morning they breakfasted together. At first the going was a little rough because Manchester had turned decidedly shy again. But Mary Jane showed him her ankle, which she had thoughtfully bandaged, and remembered to limp. He put his arm about her waist into the dining-room. Things warmed up immediately, and conversation flowed freely.

When they parted outside, Manchester suggested that Mary Jane and Hank dine with him that evening. Mary Jane accepted before Hank could get his mouth open.

"Hank has a friend here," she said. "A desperate local lady. Would you mind if she came along?"

"Not at all."

Mary Jane patted his hand. "One more question. Do you object to my calling you Ivan? It's just an eccentricity of mine."

"Not at all," Manchester said. "In fact, I—ah—like it."

That night the four of them went to one place for dinner and another for dancing, and such conversation as could be heard above the glare of an orchestra. Manchester was on the teetotaling side, but Mary Jane persuaded him that a few glasses of pink champagne would do no harm. He danced with her and she was amazed to discover how well he did it.

"I learned to dance very thoroughly," Manchester said, "as part of my job. You never know whose wife you'll have to dance with in the line of duty, and an agreement might be wrecked by stepping on the wrong corns."

"I see," Mary Jane said. "And do you ever have to make love in the course of your duties?"

"Not at all," Manchester said.

The massacre began rather late in the evening, when Mary Jane produced a candid camera with a flash-bulb attachment. She made the gesture with studied carelessness, and Manchester, who was talking in Spanish to Amata, didn't appear to notice. Only Hank stiffened.

"This little device I have in my hand," Mary Jane said, "is a thing I keep for recording many a jolly moment. Then I put the photographs in my album and spend the lonely evenings remembering what big times I've had. Would it annoy you, Ivan, if I committed this clambake to film?"

Both Hank and Mary Jane were braced for him to say, "Not at all." He crossed them up. He said, "Of course not."

Hank danced away with Amata, not wanting to be in on the kill. Mary Jane was busy lining up on Manchester.

Suddenly the dance floor was illuminated by the bright, unearthly glare of a flash bulb. Several more followed. Hank and Amata returned to the table to find Manchester covered from every angle. Shortly thereafter, Mary Jane and Amata visited the ladies' room for nose-powdering and a conference.

The ladies came back with gleams in their eyes. Presently, Amata was now plainly a confederate, inveigled Manchester into a samba. He did his part of the dance with speed, grace, and a peculiar syncopated leap that attracted the attention of many pleasure-loving Latinas. This was duly recorded by Mary Jane, prodding the edges of the noise-flooring and a conference.

The gathering ended amidst laughter, music and Mary Jane wondering if her exposures were correct. She had a moment alone with Manchester in the hotel.

"I just want to say," he said, "that this has been one of the happiest nights of my life, and that I hope those pictures turn out well."

"So do I," Mary Jane said.

Manchester cleared his throat. "Although I may have seemed to pay a good deal of attention to Senorita Aguirre, my thoughts were actually elsewhere. On you, to be exact. You are my main interest."

"You don't say so!" Mary Jane said. "When did that start?"

"When you pretended to sprain your ankle and let me carry you," Manchester said. "I never enjoyed lifting anything so much as you."

Mary Jane went upstairs with a corrugated brow. In the days that followed she collected a sizable dossier of negatives on him: Manchester rolling back in a boat, at a flower market, wearing a borrowed som-

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS . . .

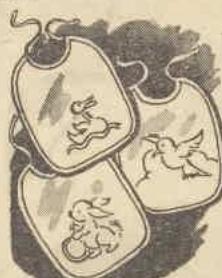
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COOL SUMMER FROCK

This useful summer frock is designed for you in a smart printed marocain. The charming colors are rose-pink with leaf design outlined in black and filled with white spots; almond-green with leaf design outlined in black and filled with white spots; sage-blue with leaf design outlined in black and filled with white spots.

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The Australian Women's Weekly — January 25, 1947



Three Times a Bridemaid

By
CLAIRE FIELDING

THAT phone call was from Sylvia. Wanting me to be her bridesmaid. I asked for time to consider. To say no would have entailed giving the reason. To give the reason would have made a good story for Sylvia to tell all round town.

For this makes the third time. It isn't that I actually believe in any of these old superstitions. But you can't blame a girl in my position for feeling anxious.

After all, I was younger the first time I was a bridesmaid, if you know what I mean; and though it isn't yet time to abandon all hope of being the star at the altar myself, I don't want to throw the chance away.

The first time I was a bridesmaid I wore a peculiar garment of bois-du-rose knife-pleated georgette. Owing to the uncertainty of my complexion, it might just as well have been bois-du-rose as anything else; and it was fashionable at the time.

The knife-pleating had been thought up at a conclave of my female relations as possibly being helpful in camouflaging my rotund, somewhat hippopotamus-like, 12-year-old figure.

With this strange knee-length gar-

ment I wore a blue velvet flower-encrusted sash, and what I best recall now as being a stitched black velvet hat—modelled along rather sou'-westernish lines.

The knife-pleating didn't work. Instead it showed a distressing tendency to balloon both above and below the waist.

My debut as bridesmaid marked the occasion of my first silk stockings and first elastic girdle. At the reception later I ate my first prawns-in-aspic. I thought I was wonderful.

The bridesmaid was far more nervous than either the bride or groom, and left a big ink-blot on the register.

For my trouble I was given a very nice string of seed pearls, which I now consider a more than handsome gesture on the part of the groom.

Fortunately it was not considered necessary to make a pictorial record of this attire when the bride was having her wedding photograph taken.

My second appearance as bridesmaid was gay and glamorous and champagney.

And by that time I looked like everyone else.

There were four of us, and for some reason we thought it would be attractive if we had daring Edwardian frocks of magnolia satin with bustles.

We had feather hats, long white kid gloves, and wore the gift of the bridegroom—pearl earrings. We thought we were wonderful.

Whether or not we were wonderful I'll never know, but once we were dressed we were unable either to sit down again or to get ourselves in and out of the doorways of the wedding cars.

And when the reception was over

Bridesmaids and grooms-men often loathe one another on sight, have the greatest difficulty in assuming the right air of good-fellowship while the wedding photographs are being taken.

and we went on to a nightclub to dance, we made ourselves very unpopular with other people on the floor by keeping bumping into them.

None of us were able to wear the dresses again.

One ended up as lampshades, one as a hand-quilted cushion, and one as part of the costume department of a suburban musical comedy society, whose members, not unreasonably perhaps, were under the impression that our dresses had been designed for that purpose.

My own ended up as a costly mistake on the butt of my father's chequer book.

And the hats began to moult before any of us were able to think what to do with them.

Ron Vivian
In the course of getting ourselves into these satin wonders we'd all consumed far too much champagne to feel nervous at all.

I don't know why it is that some girls are always being asked to be bridesmaids, while others are hardly troubled at all.

But I sometimes suspect brides of choosing their second-best-looking friends to be with them on the day of days.

I can't say that I altogether blame them.

For when all's said and done, the job of the bridesmaid might be compared to that of the parsley in relation to the chicken supreme—to garnish but not to detract.

The uninhibited scene-stealing which is regarded as the essence of lot-like charm from page-boys and flower-girls would, in a grown-up, soon earn the wrath of any right-minded bride.

The chief difficulty facing a bridesmaid is trying graciously to accept the bride's suggestion about what she should wear.

This is quite likely to develop into a life-and-death struggle, with the bride-to-be promoting what she considers a suitable accompaniment to her own dress, while you are feverishly holding out for something that you either consider infinitely more attractive or else far more likely to fit into your future sartorial plans.

Dick told me, "The film covers scenes in Egypt, Cuba, and China, and is sponsored by our Treasury Department, who have assigned a man to help us with the technical details."

The company has shot sequences in China, Egypt, and Cuba recently, and quiet-voiced English director Robert Stevenson has the terrific job of co-ordinating all the details into an exciting, educational expedition of smashing a dope ring.

Nineteen-forty-seven promises to be a prosperous year for foreign actors here, not only those newcomers who have made their mark in their homelands, but for small parts and extras.

Everyone at one time or another has seen spiritless bridesmaids led to the altar, a walking sacrifice to the bride's unreasonable demands.

There was, I believe, a charming old custom whereby the bride, if well off, presented the bridesmaids with their frocks. In such a case bridesmaids could hardly cavil at whatever fancy dress the bride wanted to put them in.

As it is, nowadays the bridesmaid hardly gets enough entertainment out of the occasion to warrant the whacking big bill and half-empty coupon card that are its consequences.

Brides and grooms, however, frequently display a touching belief that

at least one subsidiary romance will blossom between maids and grooms-men, thus providing sufficient reward.

From my own observations this is anything but so, bridesmaids and grooms-men or best man usually loathing each other on sight and having the greatest difficulty in assuming the right air of good-fellowship while the wedding photographs are being taken.

Whichever way you look at it, there's no getting away from the fact that some girls are born to be bridesmaids—others to be brides.

Sooner or later in the life of these former will come the terrible moment—as to me—in which they are asked to be a bridesmaid for the third time.

If you decline, you do at least renew your chances of one day yourself being in the happy position of putting any unmarried friends you may still possess on a similar spot.

On the other hand, it can't be denied that at the same time you do lay yourself open to nasty cracks from the less well-disposed of your acquaintances, who will lose no time in saying, "Well, I can't say that I'm altogether surprised, my dear. You know the old saying, 'Three times a bridesmaid—never a bride!'"

If I do go down for the third time myself, at least there won't be any knife-pleated georgette or satin with a bustle. I'm going to wear something very useful and it's going to fit in perfectly with everything in my wardrobe.

You can't expect a girl to be a bridesmaid for the third time without having learnt that much.

It's going to be a wonderful wedding and we're all going to have a simply divine and champagney time.

All the same, I am engaged at the moment in some secret service work trying to find anyone who knows of someone being a bridesmaid for the third time and living to be a bride.

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Page 35

Hollywood is seeking international casts for 1947 films

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

Packaged for delivery in 1947 is an intriguing array of motion pictures, with the most international color yet seen on the screen.

For instance, every available Frenchman was pressed into service at Enterprise Studios for "Arch of Triumph," every English actor was interviewed for "Forever Amber," every stalwart Hawaiian is pinch-hitting for a Moari in "Green Dolphin Street," and many Mexicans are facing the cameras for the first time in Tyrone Power's "Captain From Castile."

NOW that location restrictions have been lifted, film companies can go to the earth's ends for backgrounds, and foreign talent is coming to Hollywood from Europe, Britain, and Australia.

Australia's Ron Randell is now firmly entrenched.

Britain's Deborah Kerr arrived recently to play opposite Clark Gable and now Selznick is expecting daily the arrival of Italy's top star, Valli, to assume an important role in "The Paradine Case."

Selznick has already started his big picture of the year 1947, which features an international cast, including Ann Todd and Charles Laughton representing England, Louis Jourdan representing France, and the Italian glamor girl, Valli.

Gregory Peck and Ethel Barrymore will uphold American honors in this galaxy of talent.

Selznick told me, "I want technical perfection in this English story by Robert Hichens, which revolves round the Old Bailey trial."

"I am bringing out from England the keeper of the criminal courts

of the Old Bailey, Mr. A. D. Burt, who will act as technical adviser for us on our reproduction of the famous Old Bailey."

"Mr. Burt handled the famous Heath trial there."

Alfred Hitchcock, who has just won an award from the American Press critics as America's most distinguished director, will guide the film.

Metro's "Green Dolphin Street," starring Lana Turner, brings New Zealand to American audiences for the first time on a lavish scale.

Columbia's entry in the international derby is titled "Assigned to the Treasury."

The film concerns a United States officer, Dick Powell, tracking down a narcotics ring in the Orient.

Dick told me, "The film covers scenes in Egypt, Cuba, and China, and is sponsored by our Treasury Department, who have assigned a man to help us with the technical details."

The company has shot sequences in China, Egypt, and Cuba recently, and quiet-voiced English director Robert Stevenson has the terrific job of co-ordinating all the details into an exciting, educational expedition of smashing a dope ring.

Nineteen-forty-seven promises to be a prosperous year for foreign actors here, not only those newcomers who have made their mark in their homelands, but for small parts and extras.

Famous romance team may appear again

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

Jeanette MacDonald hopes that she and Nelson Eddy can resume screen teamwork in "Reunion in Vienna."

No contracts have been signed yet, and both stars are busy making respective films at the moment, but while talking separately to both Jeanette and Nelson I learned that they are anxious to work together again.

Jeanette said: "We both receive numerous letters asking when we will team again, and both of us think it a good idea, as we are old friends and work together easily."

Jeanette installed me in a cosy chair in her dressing-room and we talked while a wardrobe girl put



NELSON EDDY, who co-starred with Jeanette MacDonald in many successful musicals, may be seen again with her this year in "Reunion in Vienna."

the finishing touches to the gorgeous rust-colored wool gabardine suit which Jeanette wears for a sequence in her film "The Birds and the Bees."

The suit matched Jeanette's hair perfectly and was designed for her by Irene.

I noticed that her entire dressing-room was done in tones of wedgewood-blue and mulberry.

It was enchantingly feminine, with the ruffled skirt on the dressing-table matching the curtains.

On the wall was a single picture, showing Jeanette and her husband, Gene Raymond. The Valentine frame was covered with figure nines.

Jeanette explained, "That was a gift at a party Ida Koverman gave us for our ninth wedding anniversary.

"Gene was overseas then, so Ida framed the picture of us and put it on the table, so that Gene could be there in spirit."

The Gene Raymonds have since celebrated their tenth anniversary.

In her present film, Jeanette plays a more mature role than she has done before.

"I am the mother of three children, the eldest sixteen-year-old Jane Powell," she said.

"My husband in the film is Jose Iturbi.

"This is the first down-to-earth role I have ever played, and means

quite a change from my romantic musical comedy parts of the past.

"I am wondering how my fans will like me, and hope that they do not object to me as the mother of three children."

Jeanette's picture is her first in five years.

She made a concert tour of Europe, England, and Scotland before resuming her screen career.

"The nicest thing that ever happened to me was when I sang for a group of mill girls in Scotland.

"They gave me the most wonderful present of a bolt of Scottish wool material which they had managed to obtain by pooling their ration coupons.

"It was a MacDonald tartan, which I had made up into a three-piece suit."

Jeanette told me that she is giving angora kittens to Jane Powell, who plays her daughter in the film, for Christmas.

Jeanette takes a great interest in the youthful singer, who rather re-



JEANETTE MACDONALD, now back in films after touring during the war as a singer, is happily settled with her husband, Gene Raymond, in their Hollywood home. She never owns fewer than five dogs, and this picture shows three of them waiting their turn for a biscuit.

sembles her, with the same green eyes and red-gold hair.

Jane and Jeanette sing a duet in the film, with Iturbi accompanying them at the piano.

They make a charming mother-and-daughter team.

Producer Joe Pasternak, who was

responsible for Deanna Durbin's rise to fame, is handling this talented duo in technicolor.

Judging by Jeanette's enthusiasm for co-starring with Nelson Eddy in "Reunion in Vienna," I think it is likely that their followers may see the couple reunited late next year.

Film Reviews

★★★ RHAPSODY IN BLUE

MORE than two hours of Gershwin music, well played and presented in Warner's biography of the famous composer, is a feast, made all the more satisfying by Irving Rapper's skilful direction. It is a fine memorial to a man who has given the world so much pleasure.

Oscar Levant, as himself, is lively and enjoyable and excels at the piano. He was Gershwin's friend in real life, and this gives added interest to his well-timed comic relief on the screen.

Al Jolson's "Swanee" and Anne Brown's singing of some of the "Porgy and Bess" music and Hazel Scott's "The Man I Love" are things to remember.

Robert Alda, who jumped to stardom from nightclubs and burlesques, is sufficiently like Gershwin in looks to satisfy even Gershwin fans.

Libertics are taken with the real story of Gershwin's life, particularly to give love interest, provided by Joan Leslie and Alexis Smith.

"Rhapsody in Blue" and "Concerto in F" are rendered excellently, and will delight all Gershwin music lovers.—Mayfair; showing.

teens, and Eve Arden, as Mildred's shrewd business partner, also are notable; but to Joan Crawford and director Mike Curtiz must go the top honors—Regent; showing.

★★ UNDERCURRENT

ROBERT TAYLOR'S return to the screen will be an occasion for celebration by his many admirers. Teamed with Katharine Hepburn and Robert Mitchum, handsome Bob has plenty of chances to set in MGM's new thriller.

Hepburn, of the angular face and strange voice, will fascinate many and repel others. There are no half measures in opinions of Katie H.

Here she plays the drab girl who marries wealthy business man Alan Garraway (Taylor) and then finds herself more interested in her husband's brother Michael (Robert Mitchum), unknown at first, but vividly suggested as a rotter. From here on, things get really hectic, and though the film gets deeper and deeper into endless discussions the suspense is well built up. Hepburn's clothes are gorgeous.

Mitchum deserves anyone's attention and is a fine actor. Audiences please note that the "don't tell your friends the ending" rule is worth observing.—St. James; showing.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★ Excellent
- ★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars — below average.

tion and is a fine actor. Audiences please note that the "don't tell your friends the ending" rule is worth observing.—St. James; showing.

★ I DIDN'T DO IT

ENGLISH comedian George Formby brings his cheerful grin and his banjo to a comedy thriller released by Columbia.

As might be expected from the title, George gets tied up with a murder and becomes suspect No. 1. The rest of the film deals with his efforts to hide and also do a job of work in a new cabaret for which money has been provided because of him. It's all in the true Formby tradition, but a couple of fine characterisations come from Billy Caryl and Hilda Mundy as the keepers of one of those English boarding-houses where vaudeville artists live on credit and hope while they are "resting." Marjorie Browne is the romantic interest in the life of George, but she is pretty colorless.—Capitol; showing.

Ballet to be featured in British film

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

A PAIR of red dancing shoes, a famous fairy tale, the talents of a lovely young English ballerina, and the art of the great Australian choreographer Robert Helpmann are all going into an ambitious new technicolor vehicle, "Red Shoes," to be filmed at Denham and the romantic settings of Monte Carlo, Rome, and Stockholm.

The celebrated producers of the Royal command film "A Matter of Life and Death," Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, are adapting Hans Andersen's tale of the little village girl who buys an expensive pair of red shoes and cannot stop her feet dancing when she puts them on.

A young star of the famous Sadler's Wells ballet, red-haired, nineteen-year-old Moira Shearer, will play the lead opposite Anton Walbrook.

It looks like a huge treat for ballet lovers.

J. ARTHUR RANK, who is now having a week's rest from directing his film empire, will be a grandfather before long.

His 23-year-old younger daughter, who is married to an American film script writer Fred Packard, whom she met when he was serving with the U.S. Army in England, is furnishing the nursery in her Hollywood home.

Mrs. Packard was in the A.T.S. and then worked at Gainsborough Studios, helping to produce children's films in Odeon Children's Clubs.

A LOCAL farmer near Denham Studios offered Director Frank Launder two plump pheasants free. Frank refused them.

The propertyman had hired them for a sequence in "Captain Boycott" and when, at the end of the day's shooting, he was offered them as a gift, Launder said, horrified, "What—eat two of my actors? Never!"

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* JANET BLAIR, who has graduated from being a singer in the late Hal Kemp's Band into one of Columbia's brightest young stars in straight roles as well as musicals. Martha Lafferty is her real name and she is five feet four, with what she calls "dark blond" hair. Her film debut was made in 1941, and she has played in many films since.

This picture shows her as she will appear opposite Glenn Ford in "Gallant Journey," a story of the inventor of the glider, John Montgomery. In 1943 she married Louis Bush, who had been pianist and arranger with Hal Kemp's Band before going into the Army. A good swimmer, she has won a number of amateur contests since her Hollywood arrival.

Parents are funny in some ways; but they're certainly right to see we keep this rule—



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Neutralises acid
Soothes stomach
Relieves pain

For Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence and Gastritis. Large canister, 2/6, Giant size, 4/6

Story of a kleptomaniac

IN their romantic drama, RKO have taken the story of a young woman who feels compelled to steal, and the dramatic result this station has on herself and the three men who influence her life. Playing opposite Laraine Day are Brian Aherne, Robert Mitchum, and Gene Raymond, who returns to the screen after service as an Air Corps officer. "The Locket" is an original screen play written by Sheridan Gibney.



3 IN ARTIST'S studio Nancy is pupil before her theft, after which friends try to find reason for her mania.



1 DOCTOR'S WARNING is given to John (Gene Raymond) that his fiancee, Nancy (Laraine Day), is a kleptomaniac. Warning is from former husband, Dr. Blair (B. Aherne).

2 STRANGE STORY of Nancy's mania for stealing begins when Dr. Blair tells about her association with artist Norman (Robert Mitchum), who discovers she is a thief.

THE LOCKET...



4 BACK IN CHILDHOOD, Nancy was wrongly accused of stealing silver locket from her mother's employer. Accusation leaves her with irresistible desire to steal jewellery and hide it.



5 DURING WAR Nancy marries Dr. Blair, who takes her to London. After air-raid he finds missing bracelet in her luggage as well as other stolen jewels. She denies knowledge of the theft and accuses him of being insane.



6 BEFORE WEDDING to John, Nancy receives locket from his mother and it brings back memory of childhood. She collapses and is taken to hospital for psychiatric treatment to cure her mania, while John waits for her recovery.



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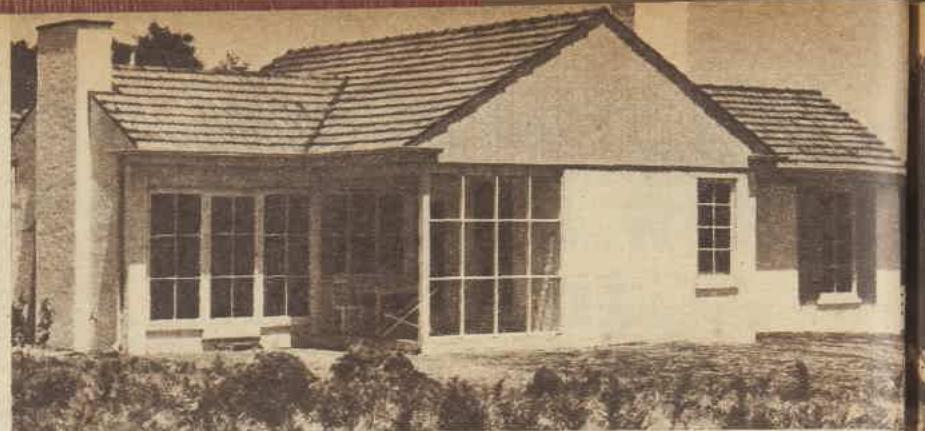
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VIEW FROM THE NORTH showing the sheltered, sun-trapped, out-door living area in the recently constructed home of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver McCutcheon, Beaumaris, Victoria. This house has been planned on expandable lines by architects Yuncken, Freeman, Griffiths, and Simpson.

House is planned to grow



VIEW in the dining alcove, with the nursery placed conveniently beyond. On the right is the buffet separating the alcove from the kitchen work area. Nursery walls are forget-me-not blue, fireplace white. Kitchen off-white with cherry-red linoleum. Honey-colored waxed floor. Simplicity is the keynote of the furnishing scheme throughout this home for a young family.

● Skill is evidenced in the planning of this Victorian home. It incorporates many features that will be helpful to homemakers.



A CORNER VIEW of the living-room showing built-in fittings. Simple but attractive color scheme embraces off-white walls and fireplace, teal-colored window drapes, cream Indian rugs on honey-colored waxed floor. Simplicity is the keynote of the furnishing scheme throughout this home for a young family.

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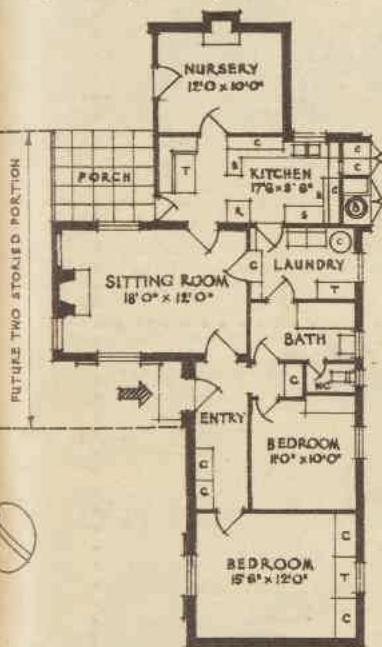
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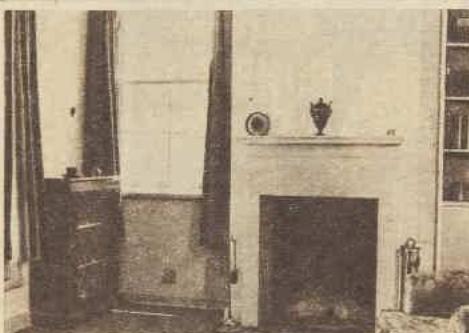
FORD PILLS



VIEW from the entrance gate. Future two-story extensions will be made on the left-hand side. As Mr. and Mrs. McCutcheon have just taken over their home, the garden, as you can see, has not yet been developed.



GROUND-FLOOR PLAN of the small house, views of which are shown on these pages. Provision has been made for two-story extension some time in the future.



ONE END of the sitting-room, which will eventually become the dining-room. Elegant simplicity of fireplace is remarkable considering that it has been achieved from simple materials: painted brickwork and moulded wood shelf.

THIS house has been built for expanding family needs, and the pictures and plan show the first portion, which represents the maximum allowable under existing building controls.

Main part will be built at a future date on the north side of the house, comprising entrance and stair-hall and large living-room on the ground floor with additional bedrooms and bathrooms over. The present sitting-room will become the dining-room.

The house is constructed of bricks, bagged and painted chalk-white, the roof being of slate-grey cemented tiles, shutters and front door ceramic-blue—a color scheme that fits very happily into the tea-tree and scrub of its bayside environment.

Chief point of interest in the design is the placing of the kitchen in relation to the meal alcove, porch, and nursery, so that the housewife exercises a "captain on the bridge" control of the household.

The kitchen is a long area separated in the middle by a buffet from the dining area, beyond which lies a sunny porch where meals can be served outdoors.

This porch is paved with discarded printer's lithographic stones of great beauty.

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A Vic. Weekly paid £7/18/- for one story. Numerous other students have also obtained good prices. Note:

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"The Darling of Hobart Town," I received £6/19/6.

"In one week I had printed matter in many two papers ("Smith's" and "The Bulletin") to the amount of £7/15/- which I think is a record."

"I have had three articles accepted by H.G. and broadcast by the A.B.C."

"The Bulletin" headlined my story, "Justice." I received £4/18/6 for it."

"I have just received a cheque for £6/11/6 from "The Bulletin" for my story "Old German."

"I received £5 for my first story, "Twin Ships," and for "Tilly Pulls Through," £6/6/-."

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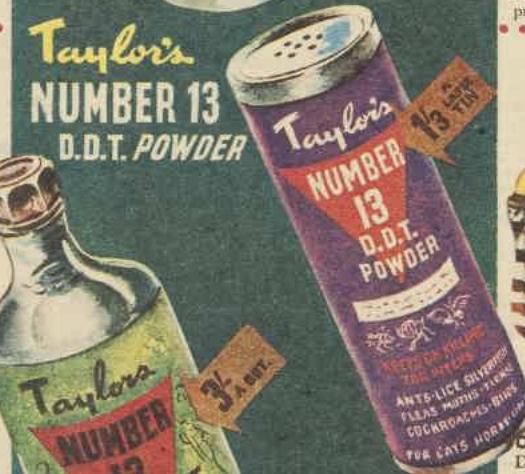
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Once a month use Taylor's NUMBER 13 D.D.T. SPRAY on rubbish bins, in laundries and wherever insects lurk and breed. They will disappear entirely.



Once a month dust Taylor's NUMBER 13 D.D.T. POWDER on rugs, in linen cupboards, clothes drawers, glory chests and wherever moth and silverfish might come.



AN ORIGINAL style for a prettily shaped head going to an important party. There is no parting; the hair is burnished with brushing and drawn sleekly over to left. Top and bottom banks of hair are twisted to reverse places and a big, loose shell-curl made of each section. Pinned flat, the rear-view effect is of a large, soft velvet bow.

VICTORIAN DEMURENESS to modern sleekness in one easy lesson. Hair is brushed, drawn over to the left side, and twisted in banks as before. Lower section, instead of being draped ribbon-smooth, is coiled into four large sculpture-curls and pinned flat to the shape of the head. Perfect for those top-of-the-back-of-the-head hats.

BACK INTEREST... makes new headlines

By CAROLYN EARLE

JHE latest news in hair-dos is the importance of the back of the head. Viewed from the front, styles are rather smooth and simple—brow-revealing and face-framing.

This automatically places more responsibility on the backlook, and the smart thing is to select double-duty hair-dos that enable you to look interesting both coming and going, whether dressing is formal or casual.

At least one major grooming improvement emerges from this newest

style trend: The focusing of attention on the rear view will do away with much of the wispy untidiness that so often mars otherwise immaculate grooming.

These hair styles are typical selections, reasonably easy to manage for those with a flair for hair-fixing—and versatile.

1,500 FREE BOOKS ON DRESSMAKING

Learn Dressmaking
at Home—This New
Easy Way!

NOW you can best this really wonderful course of Dressmaking in your own home, give it any trial you like, and if it doesn't quickly make you an accomplished dressmaker, capable of making the most frocks with coats, etc., it won't COST YOU ONE PENNY! But please hurry! This offer may not be repeated. It places you under no obligation. All you have to do is post the coupon TODAY!

Lovely Dresses for
Yourself & Clothes for
the Whole Family

YOU do want smart, attractive clothes, don't you? Of course you do—things with style, originality, and colour shopping for them you find it practically impossible to get a frock within your means, or one that fits you perfectly at least a dozen times while you walk down the street. But still it is possible for YOU to be the smartest dresser in your town. It is possible for you to make clothes for all your loved ones—and YOU'RE SAVING MONEY all the time. This is the opportunity of a lifetime. Send for this splendidly illustrated Free Book "How to Design, Cut and Make Smarter Clothes". It tells you how. But you must hurry!

THE DUNRICH SCHOOL OF
DRESSMAKING,
Dept. 7, 24 Clarence Street,
Sydney, N.S.W.

Send me by return mail your
FREE BOOK all about Dress-
making. I enclose 2/-d. in
stamps.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

WHAT THIS SPLENDID BOOK IS ALL ABOUT!

* How to Make Lovely Clothes. * How to Make Clothes for the Family. * How to Make and Save Money Through Dressmaking. * How to Save Coupons. * How to Make Clothes to Suit Your Personality. * How to Learn Everything about Dressmaking — this New, Easy Way. * Dressmaking as a Career, etc.

THIS BOOK IS
FOR YOU!

Hurry Coupon for
Your Copy!

For a limited period only, THE DUNRICH School of Dressmaking is offering, absolutely FREE, this book, entitled "How to Design, Cut and Make Smarter Clothes".

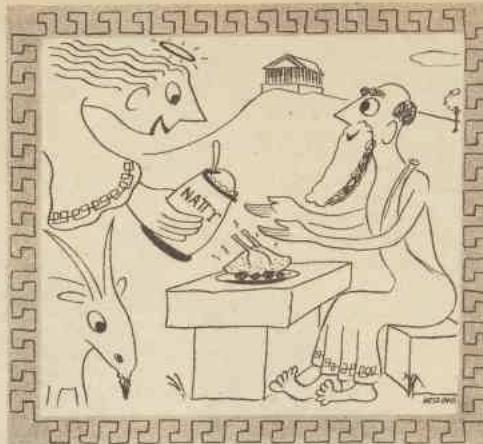
This wonderful book will show you how to cut and make perfect-fitting garments for any figure; how to adopt all the very latest styles to suit your own individual requirements; how to buy better materials and cut, fit, and finish your clothes just like a professional dressmaker would.



THE "LACKY SACK": Never than to-morrow for to-night. Back hair is brought to the nape of the neck and encased in a little black velvet or satin sack, which can be trimmed with rhinestones or sequins if you have an eye for glitter. Front hair is parted off at the temples and rolled back suavely.

THIS is how you make the "Lucky Sack": It is a small, bouncy ribbon or velvet bag, about four inches wide and five inches long, with an extra tie ribbon at the top. You slip the back hair-ends into the bag, wrap the ribbon once firmly round, and tie a neat bow. Nice!

EATING IN SIX LANGUAGES by Hesling



XARIS THEOI NATTYOS!
(THANK THE GODS FOR MUSTARD!)

Here is a very ancient Greek, caught in the act of thanking Demeter, Goddess of Agricultural Produce, for providing the mustard for his simple repast.

Everything about the Greeks was simple. They ate simply, too: beef, pork, venison, etc., and always with mustard. Note carefully the simple goat whose



K.E./127



When it's your
turn to suffer—take a hint

from thousands of women and remember
it's time for MYZONE . . .

* Just take two
Myzone tablets
with water or cup
of tea. Find blessed
relief and new,
bright comfort . . .
absolutely safe—
notice how there is
no "doping." At
all chemists.

TRY
MYZONE
WITH YOUR VERY NEXT
"PAIN"

Coughing, Asthma, Bronchitis Curbed Quickly

Do you have attacks of Asthma or Bronchitis so bad that you can't sleep? Do you feel weak, unable to work, and have to be careful not to take cold and can't eat certain foods?

No matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried, there is new hope for you in a doctor's prescription called Mendaco. No dopes, no smokes, no injections, no atomiser. All you do is take two tasteless tablets at meals and in 3 minutes Mendaco starts working through your blood, aiding nature to remove phlegm, promote free, easy breathing, and bring sound sleep the first night so that you soon feel years younger and stronger.

No Asthma in 2 Years

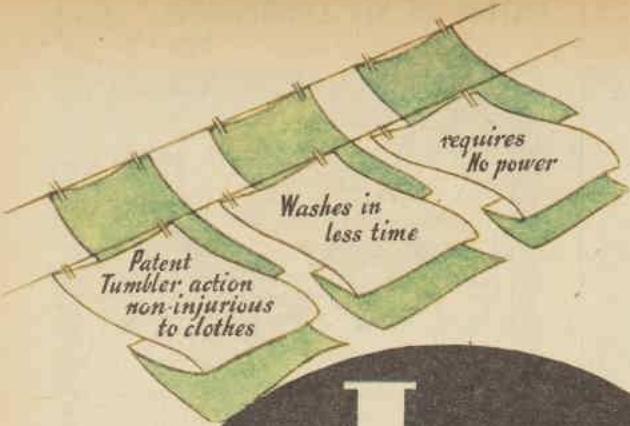
Mendaco not only brings almost immediate comfort and free breathing, but builds up the system to ward off future

attacks. For instance, J. Richards, Hamilton, Ont., Canada, had lost 40 lbs. suffered coughing every night, couldn't sleep. Mendaco stopped asthma spasms first night and he has had none since in over two years.

Money Back Guarantee

The very first dozen of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature rid you of the effects of Asthma. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel better in 3 days, send the empty package and the full purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your chemist today and see how well you sleep to-night and how much better you will feel to-morrow. The guarantee protects you.

Mendaco
Now in 2 sizes
6/- and 12/-



It
**TUMBLES
DIRT OUT LIKE
LIGHTNING**

THE NEW

The "Lightning" has an answer to every wash-day worry—it literally tumbles dirt out of clothes like lightning. Just place 8 lb. of dry clothes in the streamlined, pressed steel bowl, add hot water and soap powder, turn the handle for five minutes . . . and hey presto—your clothes

are clean. Yes, it's as simple as that. When you install "Lightning" Washing Machine you not only save time and hard work, but you introduce a high degree of efficiency and economy to your laundry labors. The patented tumbling action of this ingenious washing

machine traps and gently forces the air and soap suds through the fabric, removing all dirt and grease as the clothes tumble. The days of back-breaking scrubbing and rubbing are over—install a "Lightning" in the laundry and make your future wash-days . . . pleasant days. Obtainable at Leading Stores.



"LIGHTNING" WASHING MACHINE

ANOTHER
LIGHTBURN
PRODUCT

MADE BY LIGHTBURN & CO. LIMITED, 45 FLINDERS STREET, ADELAIDE.
115A Margaret street, Brisbane, E3348; 132 St Georges road, St Kilda, N.S.W., LMS815; 54-60 Buckhurst street, South Melbourne, MX5434.

Enchanting!

★ Flowers bring color, grace, and a magical charm to rooms if arranged with a little thought and artistry . . . varied arrangements are shown on this page—not the "arty" type, however, that take hours to arrange following an intricate pattern or design.

The sure, swift fingers of a junior member of our staff arranged these and they are notable examples of the effectiveness of simplicity.



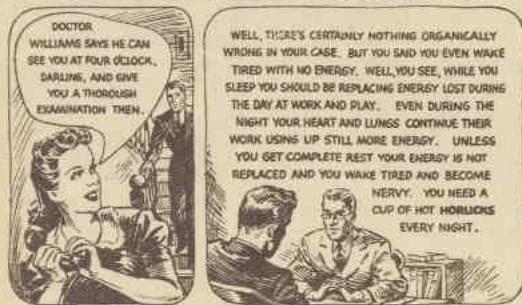
The test of a WIFE

Hilda and John
had been married four
years. Then ...



I'M TOO TIRED
THAT CROWD GET
ON MY NERVES
ANYWAY.

THINKS: HE'S NOT
HIMSELF LATELY.
NERVY ALL THE
TIME. I MUST GET
HIM TO SEE A
DOCTOR.



WELL, THERE'S CERTAINLY NOTHING ORGANICALLY
WRONG IN YOUR CASE. BUT YOU SAY YOU EVEN WAKE
TIRED WITH NO ENERGY. WELL, YOU SEE, WHILE YOU
SLEEP YOU SHOULD BE REPLACING ENERGY LOST DURING
THE DAY AT WORK AND PLAY. EVEN DURING THE
NIGHT YOUR HEART AND LUNGS CONTINUE THEIR
WORK USING UP STILL MORE ENERGY. UNLESS
YOU SET COMPLETE REST YOUR ENERGY IS NOT
REPLACED AND YOU WAKE TIRED AND BECOME
NERVY. YOU NEED A
CUP OF HOT HORLICKS
EVERY NIGHT.



Tired, nervy all the time?

If you wake tired and become more tired as the day drags on. If you find it hard to concentrate . . . get irritable . . . lose your temper over trivial things . . . then remember those symptoms can usually be traced back to the fact that your sleep isn't doing you any real good. You must replace energy lost during sleep. That means a cup of hot Horlicks just before bed. After Horlicks you wake full of life, and clear-eyed. "Nerves" become a thing of the past. Get some Horlicks from your grocer or chemist today.

HORLICKS

Contains all essential food elements in their natural form.

N46-5



A CLEAN pastry brush has many uses in the kitchen . . . At left you see rings of pineapple being brushed with melted fat or butter and tossed in brown sugar before being grilled or baked in oven.



AT RIGHT: Pastry brush is being used to remove every bit of that grated fruit rind from the grater. It works wonders and makes the grater much easier to wash, too.

HANSEN'S JUNKET — of course

Any sweet, or fruit, or pastry is more popular when served with Hansen's Junket. This delicious, firm-setting, richer Junket is an economical, sure way of making your desserts a grand success.

**HANSEN'S
Junket
TABLETS**

J3-46

SAXA

the
all purpose

SALT

FULL SUPPLIES
OF
**AUNT MARY'S
BAKING POWDER**
AVAILABLE FROM
YOUR GROCER!

IN MIDDLE LIFE THE BODY NEEDS HELP

Are you a sufferer of rheumatism, joint pains, dizzy spells, bladder weakness with annoyance at night; neuritis, vague pains in various parts of the body, weakness and loss of mental alertness, nervousness, etc. Any or all these symptoms constitute conditions which mar the well-being of middle age. They are danger signals. Often their attack is slow, but they may be acute; they manifest themselves in varying degrees of discomfort, and if allowed to go unchecked chronic conditions may result. Treatment will often arrest these hyperplastic and inflammatory conditions, bringing the body relief, and allowing Nature's own forces to bring about a speedy return to health and vigour.

HORMOCENE is a preparation you can take with confidence. It has brought relief to hundreds of middle-aged people throughout Australia. Hormocene is a cell enzyme which acts through the blood and the nervous system. Send 6/- to-day and a trial course of Hormocene will be forwarded to you, and you can prove it for yourself.

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Suite 18SF, 183 Elizabeth St., Sydney,
N.S.W.**

**Don't get Colds, Flu
FLU-VAX**
helps you
help yourself
4 weeks' immunising treatment
5/-
Chemists & H. F. HARVEY
Box 4404, G.P.O., Sydney



The green
lotion in the
round bottle
with the
orange label
is the
original Olive
Oil Lotion

TRADE MARK
& PACKAGE ARE THE GUARANTEE OF QUALITY

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. R. Seckamp, Box 124, Denmark, S.A.

STRAWBERRY FRITTERS

Strawberries, sugar, thin slices of buttered bread, quantity of pancake batter, fat for frying, sugar, and lemon juice.

Mash the strawberries in basin with sugar to taste. Spread thin slices of buttered bread thickly with the mashed berries. Make into small sandwiches. Dip into pancake batter. Fry in deep fat until golden brown. Sprinkle with sugar and lemon juice and serve hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. F. Dalton, 11a Gurn's Rd., Beulah Park, S.A.

TULIP SALAD

Four tomatoes, salt and cayenne, 1 cup cooked flaked fish, three tablespoons cream cheese, 1 cup sliced cucumber, salad-dressing.

Scald tomatoes and remove skins. Cut the tomatoes into quarters to

Toddler's Book . . .

for young mothers

By Sister MARY JACOB, Our
Mothercraft Nurse

THE pre-school age is a vitally important period, for body and mind must be strong and healthy and up to good nutritional standards for the schoolgoing years.

The Good Housekeeping Toddler's Book, recently published, gives clear and concise information on diet, suitable play material and clothing (with knitting and home-dressmaking instructions for suitable summer and winter clothes).

A chapter explains the importance of every mother trying to understand her rapidly developing child, and helping it to solve the difficult adjustments to life that it has to make at this time.

This useful 136-page handbook for the toddler, priced at 3/6, can be purchased from all newsagents, and from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th Floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney.

If ordering through the post, please enclose postal note for 3/6. Postage is free.

Keep Cool

with a

KRAFT CHEESE SALAD



This new Kraft Iceberg Salad is the star turn for informal hot weather menus. Prepare ingredients in advance, chill thoroughly, then it's only a matter of seconds to set out this tempting, brimming array on a salad platter.

**Tastes better—because it's
BLENDED BETTER**

The mellow *blended* goodness of Kraft Cheddar Cheese makes the simplest summer salad taste exciting—and remember! Ounce for ounce there's no other basic food to equal cheese for complete, high quality proteins...for calcium, phosphorus and other valuable nutrients of milk.

So ask for Kraft Cheddar Cheese in the smart 8 oz. packet or have the exact quantity you require cut from the economical 5 lb. loaf at your grocer's.

Listen to **MARY LIVINGSTONE, M.D.**
Every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday morning
in all States.



KRAFT Iceberg Salad

You need—cucumber, carrot, lettuce or cabbage, cooked peas or beans, radishes or any other combination of salad vegetables you fancy plus Kraft Cheddar Cheese and Kraft Mayonnaise or Kraft Salad Dressing.

Peel and slice cucumber, shred carrot and cabbage, wash and dice radishes. Keep ingredients separate and chill thoroughly. Just before serving, cut Kraft Cheddar Cheese into cubes and arrange salad plate as illustrated. Serve with crisp bread rolls and Kraft Mayonnaise.

Lovely February Youngsters

. . . born
under the Sign of
AQUARIUS



Children who have birthdays between January 21st and February 19th are born under the influence of Aquarius. Aquarians usually have very good judgement about the people with whom they come in contact, and an intense loyalty to those they love. The mothers of these lovely February youngsters are looking to their future now by building them up with healthful Vegemite.



JIM QUATERMASS

Jim is the lively five year old son of Mr and Mrs. H. J. Quatermass of Peacock Street, Seaforth, N.S.W. Mrs. Quatermass says: "Jim has always been a very healthy child. I make sure he gets the foods which have the best vitamin value—especially Vegemite, so rich in vitamins."



HELEN JOHNSON

"A doctor recommended Vegemite for Helen," Mrs. Johnson says. "He said it was a food full of the vitamins essential for a child's healthy development." Four years old on February 1st, Helen is the adorable little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Johnson of Dornoch Terrace, Highgate Hill, South Brisbane.



KAY BUSHNELL

Pretty little Kay is four years old on February 9th and Mrs. Bushnell of Denison Street, Bondi Junction says: "I never had any trouble getting Kay to have Vegemite. She loves it. I started giving it to her when she was 16 months and proved for myself the health-building value of a good vitamin supply."

Vegemite—a little does a power of good, because it is:

- ★ Richer in Vitamin B1 (Aneurin)
- ★ Richer in Vitamin B2 (Riboflavin)
- ★ Richer in the anti-pellagra factor (Niacin)
- ★ Tastier and costs less





BABY: You'll find a baby's life isn't all pink ribbon and lace!

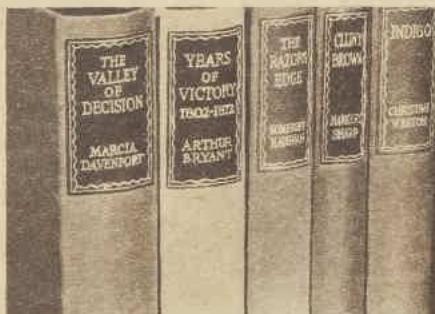
MUMMY: But, honey! This is fun, so far!

BABY: Just wait, Mummy. Hours of playing and wriggling around makes a baby's skin mighty uncomfortable. That is—unless your Mummy uses Johnson's Baby Cream and Johnson's Baby Powder on him! Us babies need Johnson's Baby Cream—to keep us petal-soft and help prevent skin irritations. Plus Johnson's silky Baby Powder for times when chafes and prickles turn us into crybabies.

MUMMY: Say no more, sugar-plum! I get the idea—and you get the Johnson's!

 **Johnson's**
BABY POWDER
AND BABY CREAM
PRODUCTS OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON

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Jan.: "The Ballad and the Bourse"	Rosemary Lehmann
Feb.: "The Commodore"	C. S. Forester
Mar.: "Elizabeth and Leicester"	Milton Waldman
Apr.: "Collected Kipling Stories"	Hodgson Kipling
May: "Penny by Gaslight"	Michael Sadler
June: "Four Portraits"	Peter Quennell

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Sydney, N.S.W.

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Address _____

WW. 25/1/47

Ball for kiddies!

• Bright strands of cotton and a crochet needle make a gay cover for an old ball in no time.

YOU cannot buy gaily colored rubber balls, but here is one very clever way of overcoming that difficulty and giving baby hours and hours of endless fun.

The directions for making are simple. All you need is an old tennis ball and a few strands of knitting silk of about five or six different colors.

Colors chosen for the original were yellow, green, red, orange, and mauve. When choosing yours, make brightness the keynote.

Materials. Scraps of colored knitting silk (approx. 4-ply), steel crochet-hook size No. 3 or 4, old tennis ball.

Commence with 5 ch. and form into ring.

1st Row: 8 d.c. into ch. ring and join with a sl-st.

2nd Row: 2 d.c. into each previous d.c. join.

3rd Row: 1 d.c. into first 2 sts., 2 d.c. into next st. Rep. all round.

4th Row: 1 d.c. into first 3 sts., 2 d.c. into next st. Rep. all round.

5th Row: 1 d.c. into first 5 sts., 2 d.c. into next st. Rep. all round.



"What fun!"

The little lass pictured above enjoyed playing with her brightly colored ball immensely. It is so quick to make, too.

6th Row: 1 d.c. into first 8 sts., 2 d.c. into next st. Rep. all round.

7th Row: 1 d.c. into first 12 sts., 2 d.c. into next st. Rep. all round.

8th Row: 1 d.c. into first 13 sts., 2 d.c. into next st. Rep. all round.

9th Row: 1 d.c. into first 14 sts., 2 d.c. into next st. Rep. all round.

10th Row: 1 d.c. into each st.
Rep. 10th row 6 times more in first half of cover, and 8 times in second half, making 16 rows in one half and 18 rows in other half.

Alternate colors by crocheting 2 rows of each color.
Place ball in cover and join.

Causes of patchy baldness . . .

By MEDICO

"Do you think I could have a ringworm?" asked Mrs. Jantily. "My hair seems to be coming out in round patches."

"Without looking at your hair, I can assure you that your trouble is not ringworm," I assured her, "because adults never get ringworm."

"What sort of a worm causes ringworm?" she asked.

"Ringworm is caused by a fungus which spreads from one child to another. There are many skin diseases caused by fungi, the common one being the soft, sore patches that come between the toes. This is usually called surfer's foot."

I looked at Mrs. Jantily's scalp. Around the edge of the bad patches were short hairs with thickened ends which looked like exclamation marks.

"You have a form of patchy baldness which is caused by a gland disorder. You look rather run-down in your general health, and that is what is usually found to be the cause."

"Is my trouble infectious?" she asked.

"Your trouble does not spread from one person to another. It is due to a general bodily weakness. I

will give you some gland tablets, and a lotion to apply."

"Will my hair grow again?"

"This is the only common form of baldness which is curable," I told her. "The ordinary type of baldness, which is an inherited tendency, is not curable."

"Would my hair grow more quickly if I had my hair cut short?"

"It used to be the custom to cut

the hair short to stimulate growth, especially after a long illness such as typhoid. It is now known that the cutting of the hair does not affect the rate of growth."

"Would shaving make it grow better?" she asked.

"Shaving seems to thicken the hair, but that is only because the shorter hair is bristly and seems stronger."

Wondoflex

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to wool frocks & suits

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PRICE
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PLENTY OF EYE-APPEAL: Picture shows attractive way of decorating an ordinary tart. Edges are decked with pastry flowerets; mock cream mounds help with its good looks.

These are handy when your friends drop in

ECONOMY is one of the chief virtues these days... it can be fun turning out economical, delicious, and simple goodies to offer with the traditional Australian cup of tea.

You'll find the recipes on this page will prove easy on the ration book.

None of the recipes given here require a large quantity of sugar.

Margarine or good clarified fat can take the place of butter, but be sure to include grated rind of fresh fruit if clarified fat is used.

DATE AND CHEESE TEA RING

(See illustration above.)

Twelve ounces self-raising flour, 1 oz. cornflour, pinch salt, 2 oz. margarine or butter, 2 oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, scant 1 cup milk, 1 cup chopped dates, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 cup chopped nuts.

Sift flour, cornflour, salt; rub in shortening. Add sugar. Mix to a soft dough with beaten eggs and

milk. Turn on to a floured board, knead lightly, roll to 1in. thickness. Cover with dates, cheese, and nuts. Moisten edges, roll into a long, thin roll. Form into a ring on greased tray. Using clean scissors, cut nearly through to centre at 2in. intervals, turning each snipped section slightly sideways to show filling. Bake in a hot oven (425deg. F.) 25 to 30 minutes. When cooked, glaze with sugar syrup and sprinkle with extra chopped nuts. Serve in wedges plain or lightly buttered.

MELTING MOMENTS

(An old favorite worth reviving.)

Four ounces margarine, 1 heaped tablespoon icing sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 cup cornflour, 1 cup self-raising flour.

Filling: 1 dessertspoon butter, 2 tablespoons icing sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon condensed milk.

Cream margarine with icing sugar and lemon rind. Beat in sifted cornflour and self-raising flour, making a very dry mixture. Roll into very small balls, place on greased tray, flatten slightly with a fork. Bake in a very moderate oven (325deg. F.)

sift flour, cornflour, salt; rub in shortening. Add sugar. Mix to a soft dough with beaten eggs and



A FRESHLY MADE pot of tea and a hearty wedge of date and cheese ring... a tempting mid-morning snack for young or old.

10 to 15 minutes. Cool on tray and join with filling made by creaming butter, lemon rind, icing sugar, and condensed milk.

WHOLEMEAL HONEY SCONES

(Good, wholesome, and satisfying.)

One cup wholemeal flour, 1 cup plain flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon butter or margarine, 1 tablespoon honey, 1 egg, 1 cup milk.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt, add wholemeal flour. Rub in butter, mix to a soft dough with beaten egg, milk, and honey. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, press or roll to 1in. thickness. Cut into squares or rounds with floured knife or cutter. Pack closely together on a greased tray, bake in a hot oven (350deg. F.) 12 to 15 minutes.

SPICY Currant Loaf

(Equally good with sultanas or raisins.)

Two cups self-raising flour, good pinch salt, 1 teaspoon each of ground nutmeg, cinnamon, and spice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup currants, 1 tablespoon margarine, 1 egg, 1 cup milk.

Sift flour, salt, and spices. Rub in shortening; add sugar, currants, and lemon rind. Mix with beaten

... By The Australian Women's Weekly Food and Cookery Experts

egg and milk. Turn into small greased loaf-tin or two nut-loaf tins. Bake in a moderate oven (375deg. F.) for 45 minutes in one loaf-tin or 30 to 40 minutes if in two smaller tins. Serve in thin slices, buttered.

FEATHER NUTMEG CAKE
(Has the fresh, delicious flavor of peel.)

Two eggs, 1 cup castor sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon ground nutmeg, good pinch salt, 1 tablespoon finely shredded lemon peel, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 1 cup hot milk.

Separate whites from yolks of eggs. Beat whites stiffly with salt; add yolks; mix well. Gradually beat in sugar, continue beating 5 minutes. Fold in sifted flour and nutmeg, add peel. Lastly fold in margarine or butter melted in hot milk. Turn into well greased loaf-tin or two bar-tins, bake in moderate oven (350deg. F.) 45 to 50 minutes in loaf-tin, 30 to 35 minutes in bar-tins. May be iced with lemon-flavored icing when cold.

CARAMEL DATE FINGERS
(Handy to have in the cookie jar.)

Four ounces margarine or butter, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 dessertspoon

grated lemon rind, 1 egg-yolk, 2 tablespoons sherry or orange juice, 1 cup finely chopped dates, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 1 cup rice bubbles, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar and lemon rind. Add beaten egg and sherry or orange juice. Add dates, walnuts, rice bubbles. Lastly add sifted flour and baking powder. Press into well-greased slab-tin, bake 15 to 20 minutes in moderate oven (350deg. F.). Leave in tin. When half cold cut into fingers. Remove carefully from tin, finish cooling on a cake-cooler.

Mr. QUIGLEY'S "Learn to Play HARMONY-BACK GUITAR" with a Sampson Home-Study course for:
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It takes 3 Lessons to play first piece. 10 Lessons a variety, and 20 Lessons any piece. It doesn't matter where you live.

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Shantung, like Wedding Night, Glamazon, Wild Orchid, Desire, is created from famous French and Continental scents.

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ROSEMONT BEAUTY PRODUCTS, Box 4722 G.P.O., Sydney.

The Doctor Answers

Patient: "But why should I have Rheumatism, Doctor?"

Doctor: "Well, Rheumatism can be caused by two things: an injury to a joint or muscle or by an accumulation of poisons in the blood stream which is a condition we call toxæmia. Thousands of people like yourself, in the last few years, have over-worked and neglected their health, letting poisons collect in the blood stream so that the ranks of sufferers from Rheumatism have increased enormously."



Patient: "But, Doctor, how do these poisons accumulate?"

Doctor: "Your blood is constantly flowing through your kidneys to be purified from uric acid and other poisons. If your kidneys fail to do this, these poisons circulate back through your body and collect in the muscles and joints, causing the aches and pains that most people call Rheumatism."

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids help drive out the crippling poisons from your blood stream that are the cause of Rheumatic aches and pains; your kidneys are cleansed and strengthened and you get a new feeling of good health and energy.

If you suffer from rheumatic pains, backache, sciatica, lumbago, kidney and bladder weaknesses, neuritis, gout, etc., start a course of Menthoids right away.

Get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6 with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6, from your nearest chemist or store, or a postal note to British Medical Laboratories, Box 4185, G.P.O., Sydney, will bring you Menthoids by return mail.



MENTHOIDS
for Rheumatism

GOOD FOOD FOR Healthy Appetites

Rosella Foods invite even the youngest of your family to eat well.

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7

ESSENTIALS TO GOOD HEALTH

1. Don't over-eat. Choose your daily diet from meat, bread, milk, eggs, cereals, fruit or vegetables.
2. Chew food thoroughly.
3. Take a daily bath.
4. A long walk, or similar exercise, each evening is suggested for office and other non-manual workers.
5. Get 8 hours' sleep in room with opened windows.
6. Cultivate cheerful outlook; don't worry.
7. Maintain Inner Cleanliness by regular daily habits. In this you will find Coloseptic of great assistance. Coloseptic checks autoxima (self-poisoning). A level teaspoonful of Coloseptic in a glass of water morning or night, once or twice a week, is sufficient after perfect relief is obtained. Coloseptic is on sale at all Chemists and Stores and is prepared by Coloseptic (Australia) Ltd., 10 O'Connell St., Newtown, N.S.W.

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Fashion PATTERNS

F4515.—For special days in town make and wear this smart frock. For a delightful change wear it without the bolero. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. wide for frock, and 1yd. 36in. wide for bolero. Pattern, 1/8.

F4517.—Highly recommended for after-five-o'clock parties or dinner dates. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

F4518.—Contrasting dressmaker suit for cooler summer wear. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds. 36in. wide for skirt, and 1yds. 36in. wide contrast for jacket. Pattern, 1/8.

F4514.—Casual frock for a bright young teen-ager. Choose a plain or lightly flowered material to show off the neat cut of bodice. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

F4516.—"Unusual" is certainly the word for this frock. Unusual but snappy. Note the interesting pockets on front skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

F4517



F4516



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Send your order for Fashion Patterns (note prices) to "Pattern Department" to the address given in your State as under. Patterns may be obtained from our offices or by post.

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Box 881G, G.P.O., Perth. Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 408V, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle,
N.Z.; Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only). Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.



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